National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXIV. NO. 11. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1863. WHOLE NO. 1,207.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT $2 50 PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 48 Beekman Street, New York:

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

106 *North-Tenth Street, Philadelphia.*

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ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

THE STANDARD.

THE COPPERHEAD MOB.

The Torch that Lit the Flame—The Copperhead Press.

THE INQUISITION CONSCRIPTION.

From The Daily News, Monday, July 13.

It is sincerely to be hoped that measures will be taken to test the constitutionality of the law which threatens to remove sixty odd thousand of our citizens from the State of New York, before a single individual is permitted to be forced, against his will, to take part in the ungodly conflict which is distracting the land. It is said that Gov. Seymour openly expresses his belief that *neither the President* nor *Congress, without the consent of the State authorities, has any right to enforce such an act as is now being carried into effect under the auspices of the War Department*, but that he thinks his interference would do more harm than good, and that the question ought to be settled by the Courts.

The manner in which the draft is being conducted in New York is *such an outrage upon all decency and fairness as has no parallel, and can find no apologists.* No proclamation has been issued upon the subject, and it is only a matter of surmise whether three or six hundred thousand men are to be raised. If, as is supposed, three hundred thousand additional troops are to be added to the Union Army by the present conscription, the proper quota to be drawn from this city would be about twelve thousand of our citizens. Instead of this number, however, over twenty-two thousand are being drafted, and, with fifty per cent. extra required for exemptions, thirty-three thousand six hundred! No allowance is made for the militia who are in Pennsylvania and Maryland, and the $300 to be paid by rich conscripts, instead of purchasing substitutes, is to be diverted, against the spirit of the law, to some other direction.

The evident aim of those who have the Conscription act in hand, in this State, is to lessen the number of Democratic votes at the next election. *The miscreants at the head of the government* are bending all their powers, as was revealed in the late speech of Wendell Phillips at Framingham, to securing a perpetuation of their ascendancy for another four years, and their triple method of accomplishing this purpose, is *to kill off Democrats*, stuff the ballot boxes with bogus soldier votes, and *deluge recusant districts with negro suffrages.* The crafty, quiet way in which the enrollment has been carried on forestalled both criticism and opposition. Nevertheless, the work *has neither been fairly performed, nor has it been thorough.* And now that it is over, the people are notified that one out of about two and a-half of our citizens *are destined to be brought off into Messrs. Lincoln & Company's charnel house. God forbid!* We hope *that instant measures will be taken to prevent the outrage*, and to secure such a decision from our Courts as will exempt New York from further compelled participation in the suicidal war which is desolating the land.

CONSCRIPTS, YOU ARE YET FREEMEN.

Only a few among the workingmen of this city who may be conscripted into the ranks of the Abolition army, will march to the field with the proud consciousness that they are the soldiers of a Republic about to do battle for Republican institutions. The very fact that a power exists that can *drive them from their homes to the slaughter pen will teach them that they are no longer free agents, but that an earthly will, superior to their own, controls their movements and points out to them the path that they must tread, even although it lead to present death.*

For the first time in our history, conscription has stalked in among us like the avant-courier of a confirmed despotism. Conscription that does not dare invade a cottager's dwelling in monarchical Great Britain, steps arrogantly upon our Republican soil, and draws lots for its victims from among the sons of industry, leaving the rich man to his luxurious repose. Conscription, the familiar tool of Emperors, who cannot trust the patriotism of their subjects, is now about to teach us our rudiments in subordination to a military government. It is a stranger upon our soil. Heretofore we have fought our battles without its aid, and triumphed twice without it over the most powerful kingdom of the world. Even in the infancy of this Republic, when its cradle was being rocked amid the elements of strife, and patriots nursed it with their blood, and hoped against hope as it balanced between life and death, even then, in the hour of its utmost peril, it disdained to call a forced and unwilling soldier to its rescue. Without wealth, without experience, without numbers, for eight long years, it struggled for independence without counting one conscript among its defenders. But now, rolling in affluence, standing upon a level with the first empires of the world, and wasting as much money in patronage as would have paid the armies of the Revolution, it introduces this foreign nuisance upon the soil to make soldiers for an abolition crusade.

If the workingmen of this city are disinclined to be forced into a fight for emancipation, let them clamor so loud for peace that their voices shall be potential with our rulers. It is a strange perversion of the laws of self-preservation which would compel the white laborer to leave his family destitute and unprotected, while he goes forth to free the negro, who, being free, will compete with him in labor. Let the laboring population assemble peaceably in mass meeting, and express their views upon the subject. Let it be no political gathering—no partisan demonstration, but a spontaneous congregation of the working classes to give vent, within legal bounds, but firmly, to the sentiments of their fraternity with regard to this odious war. The conscription brings it home to their own thresholds as much as if Gen. Lee's horsemen were rattling down Broadway. If they would avoid conscription, let them speak in opposition to that which has given birth to conscription. Let them protest against the continuance of the war. Let them swell the cry for peace that is already ascending from all parts of the North. Let them make it a necessity with the Administration to give up its insane emancipation scheme. Let them insist that in place of the conscription of white men to serve the blacks, we shall have negotiation, compromise, and peace.

From The World, Monday, July 13.

THE DRAFT.

Whether the weak and reckless men who temporarily administer the Federal government are aware of the fact or not, it is undeniably a fact that the very existence of the government they administer is quite as seriously involved in the execution of the conscription which they are now putting in force as it has been in any other measure or event of the war. The act itself, which should never have been framed, except with the most absolute deference to the Constitution and on the broadest attainable basis of representative support, was fairly forced to its passage through the Constitution and over the restraints and decencies of Senatorial debate. Such were the circumstances which attended its final passage that one might almost have supposed the National Legislature to be an oligarchic conspiracy plotting a vast scheme of military servitude, rather than the council of a great people giving form to its independent determination and organizing its force for the assertion of its freedom. *The idea of a military conscription being in itself profoundly repugnant to the American mind*, it might have been supposed that unusual steps would have been taken by the friends of that to present it with the utmost possible frankness, and in the light best adapted to dissipate the popular hostility.

Nothing of the sort was done. A measure which could not have been ventured upon in England even in those dark days when the press-gang filled the English ships of war with slaves, and dimmed the glory of England's noblest naval heroes—a measure wholly repugnant to the habits and prejudices of our people was thrust into the statute-book, as one might say, almost by force. *It was not only a conscription, but an act by conscription.*

The natural consequences followed. Hundreds of thousands of loyal citizens were led to look with distrust and concern upon the passage of the bill. Men who would not hesitate for a moment to risk their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors upon the summons of any legitimate national authority, because disconcerted and dissatisfied with what they regarded (whether justly or unjustly is not now to the point) *as an unnecessary stretch of governmental control over individual liberty.* As time passed on, and no effect was given to the measure, the ill-feeling excited by the original publication of the intentions of the government had begun, however, to subside.

The victories of our arms at Vicksburg and on the Susquehanna revived the martial temper of the whole North and West. Had an appeal been made at once to the populations of these great sections, there can be no doubt that a reserve army of volunteers, large enough for all the duty that can be required of it, would have rallied immediately around the banners of the Union. Such a spectacle would at once have struck dismay to the hearts of our enemies, and contributed greatly to the moral power of the national cause abroad. The South having long since been compelled to resort to conscription, the North, contending for the Union, ought to have made every possible sacrifice in order to secure the immense advantage of prosecuting the contest with volunteer troops to the last.

This was so obvious that we ought not to be surprised to find that it has never so much as occurred to the mind of Secretary Stanton. The conscription at once in his hand, *he seemed to have waited for a moment when its application must necessarily seem to the masses less urgent than ever to visit it upon the country under circumstances of superfluous and exasperating mystery.*

The Saturday Review, an English journal conspicuously hostile to the Union, observed a fortnight ago, in its malignant way, that the "fall of Vicksburg might perhaps embolden the government to venture on enforcing the conscription." The enemies of the country throughout the world will unquestionably thus interpret the coincidence in point of time between events which ought to have warmed the people and the government into the fullest reciprocal confidence and what *will be not unfairly held to be a deliberate attempt to execute darkly and aggressively a most unpopular statute.*

An Administration ordinarily sensible and capable of subordinating party to patriotism would never for a moment have permitted such an act as the act of conscription to be so enforced as to create the impression that the greatest city in the nation—a city which has poured out its blood and its treasure without stint or measure—is to be mulcted in largely more than its due proportion of men. Such an Administration would have taken the greatest pains to explain to the whole people the imperative reasons which demand the formation of a fresh army, and while clearly defining the exact legal proportion of conscripts to be called out, it would have done everything in its power to make the execution of the act unnecessary by encouraging enlistments and making a fresh opportunity for that spirit of devotion to the national cause which has already done and borne and dared so much, so freely and so long.

It is not too late for the Administration at least to remedy its errors of omission. It is due to the past sacrifices and to the present temper of the country that no shadow of a doubt should be permitted to rest upon the impartiality of the conscription now imposed upon a free people for the first time in their history. It is vital to the permanence of our institutions, and to interests not less important than any which are involved in the actual contest we are waging, that the utmost pains should be taken in the execution of the work now commenced to make the people understand and feel that the force which thus presses down upon their purses and their persons is imposed in the name and for the service of their country, their whole country, and nothing but their country. They will acquiesce, perhaps, in even an unconstitutional sacrifice to maintain the Constitution; but it is a dangerous experiment to insult the popular will at once in the policy of their rulers and in the means by which that policy is sought to be enforced.

From The Journal of Commerce, Monday, July 13.

KEEP IT IN MIND.

Let us not for an instant forget that the war in which we are engaged is not a war of conquest, or of subjugation, or for the extermination of people or of institutions. It is a war to enforce the power of government, to preserve the supremacy of the Constitution in all parts of the Union. The war is not punitive. It is no part of its object to punish traitors. Civil war is not the administration of justice. It is the attempt to assert the powers of the government and the courts as part of the government to administer justice. It is a great error made by some persons, who imagine that war is designed by government for the purpose of punishment. This war has an object which ought to be kept constantly before us, and whenever designing men, politicians, or one-idea men seek to divert it from that object, they should be met, resisted and defeated.

It is a melancholy fact that war, sad and terrible as it is, becomes oftentimes the tool of evil-minded men to accomplish their ends. The horrors of its continuance are nothing to their view. The blood shed counts as of no value in their measurement. The mourning it causes produces no impression on their sensibilities. Such men lose all consciousness of personal responsibility for the war, and only look to selfish desires to be realized. What right has any man, or any class of men, to use this war for any purpose beyond its original object? If they indeed have diverted it from that, if they have prolonged it one day, added one drop of blood to its sacrifice, by their efforts to use it for other ends than its original design, then they are responsible before God and man for the blood and cost. There is no evading that responsibility.

Some men say "now that the war has commenced it must not be stopped till slaveholding is abolished." Such men are neither more nor less than murderers. The name seems severe. It is nevertheless correct. Would it have been justifiable for the Northern States to commence a war on the Southern States for the sole purpose of abolishing slavery in them? No! It *would have been murder to commence such a war. By what reasoning, then, does it become less murder to divert a war commenced for other purposes to that object?* How can it be any less criminal to prolong a war commenced for the assertion of government power, into a war for the suppression of slavery, which it is agreed would have been unjustifiable and sinful if begun for that purpose? If there were a possibility of peace and the restoration of the power of the government, and instead of making peace, men should say, "No, we will have no peace till we have destroyed slavery," and should continue the war, the men thus doing would be precisely as guilty as if they had commenced a war for that purpose only.

We are not talking about the incidental effect of war on slaves or slavery. But we speak of the proposal of some men to make abolition a condition of peace. No right exists to add one object to that for which the war began, and the blood of our brave men who should be sent into a war prolonged for such new purposes would rest with fearful stain on the men who prevented peace.

The Animus of the Mob.

From The Herald of Tuesday.

Judge Barnard, who lives close by, was in this juncture (of the attack on Mayor Opdyke's house) called upon. He appeared, and edging his way through the crowd, managed to get a position on the stoop. Being recognized, the multitude gave three cheers and demanded a speech. It was almost impossible to distinguish at times what the Judge said, but he was understood to *denounce the draft as an unconstitutional act, as an act of despotism.* The Administration had gone too far—they had imposed upon the people; whereat there was tremendous cheering. But he would call attention to the fact that we still have law, that the Courts would protect us in the exercise of all our just and legal rights (cheers). He hoped, for the honor of this city, so great and glorious, that its people would do no such injury as to destroy the residence of him who was their legally elected chief officer. ("Well, you're about right, Judge," cried a voice in the crowd.) They should leave and go to their homes, and not sully the reputation of our city for its obedience to law. The Judge's remarks were greeted with loud applause.

From the same.

VISIT TO GEN. M'CLELLAN'S RESIDENCE.

In the midst of the excitement, a great concourse proceeded to the residence of Gen. McClellan, in East Thirty-first street, to give him an ovation. The throng halted opposite the house, *where they gave loud and prolonged cheers for "Little Mac"*; but ascertaining that he was in New Jersey they left, proceeding down Fifth avenue shouting and hurrahing.

From the same.

In the Fifth Avenue Hotel, there was an immense crowd all the evening of the upper ten. They were about as decided in their expressions as their poorer neighbors outside, who seemed to think that Gen. McClellan was present, and kept calling for him. The fashionables cursed the Abolitionists, and when the news of an attack on *The Tribune* office came, *expressed their great approbation.* "It has been a curse to us, and the main cause of our trouble," said one. "That's so," repeated others, and, to settle the matter, numerous cock-tails were called for. It might be impertinent to say so, but the *bon ton* seemed *somewhat under the weather.* They were particularly severe upon the Administration, and *very hard upon the "damned Abolitionists."*

From the same.

Excuse must be made for the conduct of the crowd by the glaring fact that a number of their kindred had been shot down in cold blood by their sides, while fighting in defence of the same principle. (*i. e.* Resistance to the draft).

From the same.

Mr. Decker, the Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, now appeared to think the destruction had gone far enough, and he therefore mounted a table, or some other similar article of furniture, and began addressing the angry people. He stated that he thought that having destroyed the government buildings, they should not carry their feelings so far as to injure and destroy the property of private people, whose feelings, perhaps, rather more sympathized with them than otherwise.

From the same.

Capt. Rynders and Judge-Advocate-General Waterbury, who were present, hoped that the Mayor would hesitate before taking such a step (declaring martial law) which they feared would only result, in the present excited state of public feeling, in still severer conflicts than those already witnessed.

From the same.

The orator (Mr. Andrews) resumed, much in this fashion: Fellow-freemen and fellow-citizens—for we are free men still—you have done well to-day. You have done nobly; but I tell you what I want, and what you must do, if you wish to be really successful. You must organize, boys. (Cries of "That's the talk"; "You're the boy, my chicken," etc.) You must organize and keep together, and appoint leaders, and crush this damned Abolition draft into the dust (tremendous cheering). Yes, this is what you must do. If you don't find any one to lead you, by Heavens! I will do it myself (great sensation and applause).

The speaker continued at great length to indulge in similar remarks, only interrupted occasionally by cries of "Who is that fellow?" "What's his name," etc. Somebody said it was Ben Wood, whereupon *Mr. Wood was cheered most vociferously.* Another person suggested that the speaker was an *Evening Express* reporter, an announcement which created not a little sensation, and which seemed to promise no good for the speaker. It transpired afterward, however, that the orator was a Mr. Andrews, of Virginia. (He is said to be one of the editors of *The N. Y. World.*)

From the same.

The draft was the all-absorbing subject. Who were its victims—how many were the chances of escape—how the rich (made so by a war they sought to make perpetual) were exempted on payment of a nominal amount, which the profits on a roll of shoddy or a few explosive muskets would realize—were the points which large colloquial groups discussed, not only in the IXth District, but throughout the city.

From The New York World.

The attack on this establishment (*The Tribune* Office), which seems to have been a part of the programme for the day's proceedings, was stated to have been brought on prematurely, and as a consequence was less effective than was intended.

From the same.

Our reporter, who was upon the ground (Colored Orphan Asylum), describes the consternation of the inmates as passing description, the children fainted with terror and were taken out, many of them perfectly helpless. One is reported as having been trampled to death. The teachers were powerless to help them, being utterly terrified at the approach of the mob, not knowing what might be their fate. Their shrieks and supplications for help, when the axes of the invaders sounded at the doors, were most horrible.

From The Tribune.

The World having made a show of denying our statement that sympathy with the Slaveholders' Rebellion was the chief impulse to the late riots, we are favored by one of our most intelligent and trustworthy citizens with the following testimony:

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune:

SIR: *The World* has the effrontery to deny plumply that this riot is got up and conducted in the interests of Jeff. Davis and the rebellion; and this morning it attempts to bluff the issue by the following paragraph:

"But he is professionally a seeker after truth, and we beg to recommend to him a practical way of ascertaining what these rioters really mean. Let him go in person into the first crowd of them he may meet, and set up a good hearty shout for 'Jeff. Davis and Lee.' If after that he ever returns to the bosom of his family, it will be, we venture to say, as both a sadder and a wiser man."

I have had occasion to be present among the rioters during several of the most exciting scenes of these disturbances, and I am in the position to meet squarely the proposition of *The World.* I *know* that there has thus far been no surer passports through these mobs than the expression of sympathy with the rebels and cheers for Jeff. Davis. I confess that, desperate and unscrupulous as I knew the Copperheads to be, I was surprised at this discovery. But when I myself heard the rioters give three cheers for Jeff. Davis, and when I heard from their own lips their wishes for his success, I could doubt no longer. On Monday I was present at the sack and firing of the houses in Lexington avenue, going through the whole mob from its extreme verge to the very front steps of these houses. There I saw a man known to many persons as a rebel sympathizer, hand and glove with the rioters, encouraging them, in consultation with their ringleaders, and welcomed by them wherever he went. There I heard wishes expressed for the success of the rebellion and the destruction of "the naygurs." There a man of decent exterior and apparent intelligence exclaimed, as he saw the houses burning, "This is the most glorious sight I have ever seen; this will pay Jeff. Davis for the loss of Vicksburg." On Tuesday evening I heard among the rioters, in the upper part of the Third avenue, cheers for Jeff. Davis; but it was dark, and I could not see the individuals who proposed or who gave them. But early on Wednesday afternoon I was on the Second avenue as a detachment of the 7th Regiment marched up to disperse the mob which had been maltreating the negroes near Twenty-seventh street. The rioters vanished from before the detachment but closed in behind it, and began to hoot, and then to stone, and finally to fire upon it. One of these very rioters who made this attack, when the detachment had moved about a square off, called out, "Three cheers for Jeff. Davis." The cheers were given, and numerously, though not very loudly—for the bayonets were too near. I stood not ten feet from the man who proposed the cheers, and face to face with him. In ten minutes afterward I saw the crowd which he then led stoning the 7th's men.

Merely to deprive *The World*, and the rebel sympathizers for whom and to whom it speaks, of the benefit of an objection, which it may make, that my evidence is to be taken with allowance as that of an Abolitionist or Radical, I say that I am one of those who have constantly opposed your course upon the negro question, and denied both the right and the policy of the Emancipation proclamation; and that though I now heartily support the President, I did not support Abraham Lincoln as a candidate for the Presidency. You, I believe, can testify to the truth of this statement, and also to the trustworthiness of any other that I may make. I would sign my name; but it is in the Directory: and I do not wish my house to be fired by Gov. Seymour's (and Jeff. Davis's) "friends" on the day when this is published. EYE-WITNESS.

New York, July 16, 1863.

The Vengeance of the Mob against the Negroes.

From The Herald of Wednesday, 15th.

The negroes of this city are certainly in a very unfortunate condition—that is, those who are left behind. Since Monday night large numbers have departed for more congenial residences. Hundreds have gone to Brooklyn, and many more to New Jersey, while all trains and steamboats leading to the interior have been almost overrun with the flying blacks. A perfect reign of terror exists in the quarters of these helpless people, and if the troubles which now agitate our city continue during the week it is believed that not a single negro will remain within the metropolitan limits.

It is sad to see the fear with which the few negroes left go upon the street in order to procure the bare necessaries of life. One of our reporters, yesterday, while walking through Sullivan street—a great negro quarter—noticed this particularly. Now and then a woman would steal carefully through an alley, and gazing up and down the street before venturing in full view, would run at full speed to the neighboring grocery. Some of the storekeepers said that they preferred to take articles of food to the colored people, as it was positively dangerous to allow them to remain for any length of time within their buildings. This feeling is general everywhere in New York, and the police are utterly powerless to protect the blacks, as the events of Monday and yesterday fully demonstrated. Men, women and children stealthily wend their way to the station houses every night to seek protection, being positively afraid to sleep in their dwellings. Last night, in one station, twenty-eight colored women and quite as many children sought protection from the fury of the multitude. In many cases, they were followed by crowds, and some of them severely beaten.

The Fourth ward has been the scene probably of more destruction of negro residences than any other. There are, or were, a number of colored men's boarding houses in Rosevelt street, and these were nearly all destroyed early yesterday morning. Two of them, corner of Rosevelt and Batavia streets, were kept by a black named Beverly. The crowd, once determined upon their destruction, soon gathered in large numbers about the neighborhood. A few of them finally entered and beat a colored man who was found there. The rest, a dozen in all, had expected the coming storm and fled. In a few moments everything of value in the house was destroyed, and the building was fired. It soon burned to the ground. A German kept a store next door, but as it was frequented by colored people, it met the same fate, much to the anguish of its Teuton owner. The crowd distributed the contents as victors do the spoils.

In Rosevelt street, near by, was a negro barber shop, and the crowd, now assembled to several thousand, scattered its contents about the street, and then applied the torch. It was not long before the shaving saloon had disappeared. It is unnecessary to say that the owners made no attempt to save their property.

The "Liverpool Lodging House," in Rosevelt street, a place well known to the police, who have but a poor opinion of its character, was next attacked, and burned. This establishment was the resort of all kinds and colors. Dancing, singing, drinking, etc., were the chief items of the programme. Yesterday the debris was resumed, or such portions as could be used by the people.

In Vandewater street, a negro boarding house, kept by a man named Lyons, who, though black, is a strong Democrat, was pulled to pieces, and is now doubtless, being used as fire wood by many of the residents of the Fourth Ward.

Late on Monday night a colored man, John Brown by name, was attacked at No. 74 Rosevelt street and severely beaten, a severe cut being inflicted over his right eye. He ran at the top of his speed to the Sixth Ward station house, and was taken care of for the rest of the night.

Last night a negro was caught in Oliver street. An infuriated crowd began to beat him. He struck out in self-defence, and getting clear ran away. The throng followed him to the pier foot of Oliver street, and succeeded in getting him upon it. He was driven to the end of the pier and forced into the East river. It is supposed that he was drowned, as his injuries must have disabled him so that he could not swim. No one made an effort to save him.

An old negro woman, nearly seventy years of age, was attacked in the Sixth Ward and badly beaten. She was taken to the City Hospital, and will probably survive. Here it is proper to add that this is the only case of real violence reported in the "bloody Sixth." Negroes have been chased and stoned, but have managed to escape without injury. No buildings have been destroyed, but the blacks are now all gone, and there is no cause for disturbance left. Capt. Jourdan is entitled to credit for the successful manner in which he has maintained the peace in his precinct.

In the Seventh Ward there have been some popular demonstrations against the negroes. Yesterday two or three frame buildings, inhabited by colored people, in Monroe street, near Market, were torn down.

All the men at work in foundries, shops, and on the streets stopped work and joined in with the crowd, forming a dense mass, apparently all united by a thoroughly sympathetic feeling. At a late hour there had been no other demonstrations. There were signs of a disturbance, however, in the neighborhood of Jackson street.

In the Fifth precinct, where a large number of negroes live, many of them have been severely beaten. One of them, a very sick man, was brought to the station house last night, the crowd having turned him out of bed and severely maltreated him. A few days since there were several hundred negroes in this precinct, but the streets, at least, now show no evidence of their existence.

This is also the case in the Eighth precinct. The "Arch," a famous negro locality, yet contains a large number of people, but as fast as they could escape, they did so. The "Arch" is quite obnoxious to the throng.

The Twenty-eighth precinct, in Greenwich street, has also been the scene of much disorder. It was in this district that the negro was hung on Monday night. Yesterday morning a black man, named John Williams, was pursued by the crowd and knocked down upon the sidewalk. When in an insensible condition he was beaten so severely that he cannot possibly survive. He now lies in an extremely critical condition at the City Hospital.

At the station house in this precinct a negro, pursued by the crowd, took refuge. The sergeant and a couple of men were alone in possession of the building. They immediately passed the negro out by the back way, when an immense multitude assembled and demanded that the colored man should be handed over to them. The sergeant truly assured them that the man was gone, but they did not believe him, and demanded permission to search the building. The police overpowered, gracefully succumbed to *vox populi*, and a committee of the citizens searched the station house from garret to cellar, and not finding the negro, expressed themselves satisfied and left.

The crowd has threatened to burn a sugar house in this precinct and several foundries, giving as a reason that negroes were employed in them. The blacks, however, have been all discharged, and it is to be hoped that this will allay the excitement. One owner of one of the threatened buildings says he would like to give sixty per cent. on the dollar to effect an insurance.

A large crowd yesterday evening moved to the saloon of Mr. Crook, on Chatham street, intending to beat, it was said, the colored waiters employed there. Capt. Jourdan, with Sergeants Walsh and McGoun of the Sixth Ward, were on hand with a good force of men, and succeeded in preserving the peace.

In the Eleventh and Thirteenth wards, where many negroes live, there were several scenes of violence. Every black was beaten, and it is reported that two were killed. The police have no chance now to take care of either dead or wounded, and so no returns have been received. Several buildings were gutted, and the negroes driven out of the Wards.

On the Battery a crowd severely beat some colored people who were waiting transportation, but a number of citizens, aided by the police, succeeded in preventing any loss of life.

From the same of Thursday, 16th.

The poor negroes, or what is left of them, are hourly leaving the city. They complain that they are hardly allowed the privilege of escaping. Everywhere throughout the city they are driven about like sheep and numbers are killed, of whom no account will ever be learned. There is but one quarter where these unfortunates live which has remained unharmed—Sullivan street, in the Eighth ward. The anomaly is explained by the fact that they have wisely locked themselves within their houses, and thus kept public attention from being attracted to them. Some few who have ventured upon the streets, in order to procure the necessaries of life, have been stoned, but none have been killed.

The Fifth ward, reported quiet in yesterday's paper, has since that issue been in a state of terrible excitement. The prominent negro locality has been almost demolished, and upwards of two hundred blacks thrown homeless upon the streets. This was in York street, a small thoroughfate running a block from West Broadway, near Canal street. The crowd appeared on Wednesday evening with carts, and driving the negroes into their yards commenced to remove all the furniture which seemed of value. Several pianos were stolen, sofas, chairs and tables were appropriated. No police appeared, as they had nearly all been detailed for duty at the central office, a few only staying behind, in order to protect the station house. It is estimated that several thousand dollars worth of property was thus stolen. Of course the negroes offered no resistance. They stood passively by, begging the people not to harm them, as they were helpless. The leaders said that if they kept quiet all would be right. One of them, however, in attempting to escape, was severely beaten, if not killed, it being said that he was on his way to the police headquarters to get aid. This was the rumor, probably, that led to the subsequent scenes. About midnight several persons assembled on the corner of York street and West Broadway, and commenced to denounce the negroes in bitter terms. A large crowd now assembled, and it was not long before the attack commenced. Bricks, stones, and every convenient missile were thrown at the windows. Several thousand had now gathered, and the excitement became intense. Excited orators made speeches denouncing the draft and the negroes, and urging the people to stand firm in the defence of their rights. One who counselled peace was driven from the ground. Only the most extreme opinions could be uttered with safety. It was not long before the attack became general. The doors of the houses were broken in, and the negroes were badly beaten. A boy is said to have been killed by a brickbat thrown through a window. An old man named Peter Ritchie had his head split open. He was taken away, and has not since been heard from. The blacks made no resistance, but begged for mercy. Some of the leaders, therefore, ordered the crowd merely to sack the buildings and leave the people alone. Thereafter, it is reported, no one was injured. A hundred or two of negroes from other sections of the Ward, hearing of the trouble, immediately sought shelter in more congenial localities. After the trouble a squadron of cavalry appeared, and remained during the rest of the night. The whole of York street, excepting one building occupied by Italians, is, as nearly as anything but fire can accomplish, destroyed. To-day the blacks returned to their homes, for the purpose of gathering up what was left of their furniture, and leaving. Our reporter, in company with Sergeant Brooks, an energetic but humane officer, made an inspection of the destroyed quarter. The Sergeant asked where the people were going. Being in citizen's clothes, and not understanding his official character, he was immediately regarded as a spy, and the women ran away in terror. Showing his shield, one of the females became reassured, and communicated quite freely about everything but their place of destination. That she would not tell, and it was amusing to see the terror depicted upon the faces of those around, who feared she would. The negroes thought they identified some of their assailants on the opposite corner, and the sergeant, in company with two officers, arrested them. They could not be identified, however. In one of these buildings even the walls were torn down. A white family, the head of which is a returned volunteer, sat in the centre of a mass of negroes, all of whom seemed utterly unable to decide on any course of action. An aged and very intelligent negro said that he could not understand why the white people were so much incensed against them. "In fact," said he, "I do not believe that they hate us much, for we have lived peaceably with them for years. There are some thieves, however, who set the boys at us, and thus get a crowd together, and then they take our lives and steal our property." "But," asked a bystander, "don't you think it would be better to leave the town altogether?" "Where shall we go to?" asked the negro. "If any large number of us get together anywhere, there is likely to be the same trouble. The truth is, we are safe nowhere, except by ourselves."

The Eastern and other boats of last evening and this morning, were crowded with them, the wanderers believing that for a time, they will be safe down among the Yankees, or in the interior of this State. Many of them were without money and begged their passage, while others were apparently well supplied with the necessary funds, and in some cases, helped their brethren on the way.

In several Wards the police notified ladies living in boarding houses near negro quarters to leave, as it was dangerous for them to remain. In one house of questionable repute, on Houston street, several people entered under pretence of seeking a negro, and tore everything of value to pieces. The females sought escape in flight, but the crowd did not attept any personal injury. From a number of houses of this character many are taking their departure, as threats have been made to sack and burn the establishments. These places near the police headquarters, alone seem to be safe.

There was another demonstration in the Fourth Ward on account of the negroes. Some of them, who had been hidden, came out, and entered a house in Rosevelt street which is frequented by people of all sexes, colors and conditions (in low life). The crowd heard of it, and it was not long before several hundred were busily at work in demolishing the structure, which is now being used as firewood by the people of the Fourth.

The Chinese were also attacked, a man in New Bowery having persuaded the crowd that they were but a "modification" of the negro. Some one disputed this theory, and quite a family quarrel occurred at once. Several blows were struck, the anti-Chinaman in the end getting the worst of it. Afterwards there was a general attack upon all "American citizens of Chinese origin," and John in a state of terror, has thrown himself upon the police for protection. The representatives of this race in New York are a peculiar people. They seem to have a thorough dislike to white men, but a very great regard for white women. Most of them are married to females who care only for a husband, and are not particular about his nativity or appearance. The wives "wear the breeches," and John is as obedient to their orders, as a child. He is a harmless creature anyhow, and only the idea that he is a "modification of the negro," as the orator expressed it, brought down the blow upon his head in the Fourth Ward. In a few days they will be about as usual.

It is reported by the police that yesterday a crowd of boys entered a negro dwelling on the Second avenue, and finding only a negro child there, threw it out of the window to the sidewalk, a distance of three stories. This act was severely denounced by all classes, and the boys who did it were beaten by several who had entered the building with them. The child was killed and the body taken back to the house.

In the Twenty-eighth precinct, where the first hanging of a negro took place, several were beaten, but allowed to escape with a few bruises. The trouble in this section of the city has arisen from the absence of a police force. All the men, nearly, having been sent to the central office or the City Hall, much indignation is manifested by citizens in consequence. Some of them complain that three or four hundred police are used down town, near newspaper offices, when a much less number would do.

The Eighteenth Ward crowd proceeded with their work yesterday. It appears that in Twenty-eighth street, near Second avenue, Mr. Ackerman let out the rear of 147 to a number of colored families, who had kept aloof from all strife with the white folks. One of their number, named James Connell, however, unfortunately had, a short time ago, a slight difficulty with a leader in the crowd, who desirous of changing the programme, directed the attention of his crowd to the poor black, and, in less time than it takes to write this, the crowd was eager for the muss and urged to be led on. The colored people had on Tuesday received warning of an intended visit by the crowd, which at first was fixed for nine o'clock that evening, but did not come off; though somewhat quieted by the delay, still the negroes kept watch all night. The majority of the men managed to get away yesterday morning, but there were a number of men with their families left in the houses. At two o'clock the first symptoms of the impending crisis were noticed, and shortly before three the whole fury of the crowd burst upon them. A person, in attempting to burst open the doors of Mrs. Jemima Belle Keyser, was knocked on the head by the woman and taken off by his comrades in a dying condition. Thus irritated, the ruffians seriously beat two men named Albert Duffield and Van Cleef, but both men got off with their lives. The other men in the meantime jumped across fences, and climbing over houses reached Mr. Ryan's slaughter house, while the women got away with much difficulty, leaving everything behind. The crowd, thus successful, fired the house; but the flames were soon put out. They then proposed to kindle a bonfire and roast the d—d niggers, but this plan was not carried out. In Broadway lane, Twenty-seventh street, the houses of the colored residents were likewise treated; but as the people got wind of the intention of the crowd they escaped personal injury. The crowd then went in search of a colored man named James Connell, who was particularly obnoxious to them, but when one of the crowd opened the door of a tenement, the wife of the resident, a young woman named Jemima Belle Keyser, struck the intruder a blow with a hatchet which nearly broke his skull. The house was doomed, and Mrs. Keyser had barely time to run away with her children before the people burst into every room and completed the work of demolition by setting fire to the floor, which, however, fortunately, did not burn sufficiently to make headway. In Broadway lane, a lane running at the rear of Twenty-seventh street, the same scenes were enacted, and the poor inhabitants barely escaped with their lives. Rev. Mr. Enrie, a minister attached to the Colored Union Methodist Church, was threatened several times after he got out of the alley, but escaped unharmed with his family. The crowd, which was mostly composed of young men and boys, at one time had a bonfire lighted in the yard with a view of "roasting the damned niggers," but Providence interfered, and the poor creatures escaped. A detatchment of regulars under Captain Rawolle, who were passing up Third avenue at the time, scattered the crowd without much trouble. In the evening this crowd visited other portions of the Ward; but they committed no excesses of moment. The rescued negroes were partly taken to the city prisons for protection, and partly to the police headquarters, where they were properly taken care of.

Our reporter, returning from a very hard day's work in a hired carriage, saw suspended from a lamp-post, corner of Twenty-fifth street and Seventh avenue, a negro man, apparently about thirty years of age, with a segar stuck in his mouth, and a piece of paper pinned upon his breast, with some words written upon it, which he could not read.

In the early part of the afternoon a crowd of over one thousand men, armed with guns, clubs, pistols and knives, suddenly collected in Mangin street, near Grand, and threw the entire neighborhood into the greatest consternation. The crowd began to search all the houses in the vicinity for negroes, swearing all sorts of vengeance against them. Many of these unfortunate people escaped to the housetops, and even pulled down the chimneys, which they piled on the top of the scuttle doors to prevent their pursuers from reaching them. Capt. Steers was at once notified of the occurrence and immediately detailed his men, who marched boldly upon the crowd. On the appearance of the police the crowd raised a fearful yell of defiance, and for some moments a pitched battle seemed imminent; but the police exhibited no fear and pushed into the midst of the crowd, and succeeded in arresting two of the ringleaders. They were immediately taken to the Thirteenth precinct station, and gave their names as John Maher and Francis Lamb. On searching the prisoners a loaded pistol was discovered on the former and taken from him. The police scattered the crowd in all directions, and no doubt by their perseverance and bravery saved the precinct from being the scence of a bloody fight. The negroes were all frightened out of their wits by the scenes being enacted around them and plead for relief. Capt. Steers detailed a body of about thirty men and proceeded to their tenements, followed by a dense crowd. The negroes packed up a few articles of clothing, etc., and were conveyed to the station house for safety. The crowd continued to surround the station house all the afternoon, but made no further demonstrations of a disorderly character.

Yesterday afternoon quite a row broke out in the Twenty-seventh precinct, which forms the west side of the First Ward. About five o'clock a negro was passing along West street. When opposite pier No. 4, he was attacked by a crowd and badly beaten. Resisting, the people took him upon the pier, and procuring a rope hanged him, amid great cheering. The body was soon after cut down and thrown into the river.

It is also reported that another negro was horribly maltreated in the First Ward. Fearful of danger he had sought to make his escape by dressing in women's clothes, and was proceeding quietly along when a crowd took, as they supposed, the woman in their charge. The deception being discovered, a brutal outrage was perpetrated, after which the unfortunate black was hanged and his body thrown into the river.

About eight o'clock a crowd threatened to break into a tailor store in the vicinity of Whitehall street, but were dispersed by the police. The firemen tendered their services, saying that while opposed to the draft, they were also opposed to pillage and robbery. Their services were accepted. It was a section of the First precinct police, under Sergeant Cherry, who saved the *Tribune* Office on Monday night, and assisted in driving off the crowd from Brooks's clothing store. In the last case Sergeant Matthews was in command.

From the same of Friday, 17th.

The space inside the iron railing at the front of the arsenal was used as a contraband camp. These poor people—men, women and children—had fled to the arsenal as the only place of refuge in the neighborhood. One respectable looking darkey, apparently a clergyman, seemed completely stunned and stupefied at the misfortunes which had overtaken him. Many of them were badly cut and bruised, and had only managed to escape from the clutches of the crowd with a scanty stock of clothing. They were supplied with rations and a guard of soldiers placed over them. Arrangements were made with the Commissioners of Charities and Correction to have a steamboat sent round to the foot of Thirty-sixth street, North river, and have them removed to Blackwell's island.

At one o'clock the

rioters who have so completely upset the ordinary routine of the city life.

The first case brought to our notice was that of William Johnson, a colored man, who resides with his family in Rosevelt street. He was walking down the Second avenue near Thirty-sixth street, at a late hour on Wednesday night, hoping that the lateness of the hour and the darkness of the street would shield him from observation, and enable him to visit a friend who resides in an alley-way not far from that locality. As he reached the corner he was hailed by a party of young men—none of them more than twenty-two or three years of age—who asked him jokingly to look at his watch and tell them the time. Johnson made no reply, but passed quietly on, when one of them running up behind him, struck him a violent blow on the back of the head, and at the same time tripped him, so that he fell full length upon the pavement. Instantly the whole set jumped upon him, kicked him and brutally bruised him, so that he lay for a while insensible. He was then thrown upon the steps of a grocery and left to die, or get up, as the chances of life might best favor.

Toward morning the unfortunate man came to, and slowly dragged himself the long weary distance to his home. Fortunately he was unnoticed and unhindered, so that he reached his door in safety.

But, as though to prove the old adage that troubles never come singly, he had but just stepped in doors, when he was met by his broken hearted wife, who told him of the presence of his dying son, a waiter, whose employer's place is in the lower part of the city, and who, on his way home, was beaten and left for dead by a mob of longshoremen, and was brought home in a dying state by the kind hands of the police. The son died before noon, but the father, though terribly battered and bruised, is living, and will doubtless fully recover.

The following

CASE OF BRUTALITY

is one of the worst, so far as beating is concerned, which has come under our observation: At a late hour on Wednesday night, a colored man, whose name we could not obtain, was passing along West street, in the neighborhood of Pier No. 5, North river. He was evidently a laboring man, and was dressed in a tarpaulin, a blue shirt, and heavy duck trousers. As he was passing a groggery in that vicinity, he was observed by a mob of dockmen, who instantly set after him. He ran with all the swiftness his fears could excite, but was overtaken before he had gone a block. His persecutors did not know him nor did they entertain any spite against him beyond the fact that he was a black man and a laborer upon the docks. They pitched into him right and left, knocked him down, pulled him up by the hair, kicked him in the face and ribs, and finally, by the hands of their leader, deliberately *cut his throat*. The body, dead they supposed it, was then thrown into the water and left to sink. Fortunately life was not extinct, and the sudden plunge brought the poor fellow to his senses, and being a good swimmer he was enabled instinctively to seek for the network of the dock. This he soon found, but was so weak from the loss of blood and so faint with pain, that he could do no more than hold on and wait for day. Yesterday morning Messrs. Kelly and Curtis, of Whitehall, discovered him lying half dead in the water. They at once attended to his wants, gave him in charge of the Police-boat, and had him sent to the hospital. The escape of the man from death by the successive abuses of beating, knifing and drowning, is most wonderful. So determined and bitter is the feeling of the

'LONGSHOREMEN AGAINST NEGROES,

that not one of the latter dares show himself upon the docks or piers even when a regular employee of the place. The white workmen have resolved, by concerted action, to keep colored men from this branch of labor, and they have evinced, by their conduct toward their former comrades in work, a spirit as murderous and brutal as it is illiberal and selfish. It is a prevalent rumor, to which the authorities give full credence, and which the 'longshoremen seem proud of, that scores of these unfortunates have been thrown into the river and drowned, for no other reason than that they were obnoxious to the sensitive-minded individuals of a lighter color. At all events, there are great numbers of colored men whose whereabouts cannot be ascertained, and who are either hid in places unknown to their friends and families, or have met the fearful fate so liberally dealt out to them by their naturalized fellow-citizens.

The wrongs which the colored people have sustained, and are yet sustaining, seem to have produced no marked

DESIRE FOR REVENGE

upon their persecutors. On the contrary, they desire simply to be unmolested, and to continue in the humble spheres, which, for so many years, have been theirs, and in which they have so generally been peaceful and orderly citizens. A somewhat comprehensive tour through the quarters of the city occupied by negroes yesterday, has brought to our knowledge scores of instances, in which a Christian fortitude, unsurpassed in the days of the martyrs, has sustained the poor outraged creatures in troubles of which the imagination can with difficulty conceive. Very many men and women are tossing to-day on beds of pain and anguish, the result of beatings and kickings they have received at the hands of the mob.

From an old man in Sullivan street, a very patriarch in years and progeny, we gathered the following

INTERESTING STATEMENT.

I am a whitewasher by trade, and have worked, boy and man, in this city, for sixty-three years. On Tuesday afternoon I was standing on the corner of Thirtieth street and Second avenue, when a crowd of young men came running along, shouting "Here's a nigger, here's a nigger!" Almost before I knew of their intention, I was knocked down, kicked here and there, badgered and battered without mercy, until a cry of "the Peelers are coming" was raised, and I was left almost senseless, with a broken arm and a face covered with blood, on the railroad track. I was helped home on a cart by the officers, who were very kind to me, and gave me some brandy before I got home. *I entertain no malice and have no desire for revenge* against these people. Why should they hurt me or my colored brethren? We are poor men like them; we work hard and get but little for it. I was born in this State and have lived here all my life, and it seems hard, very hard, that we should be knocked down and kept out of work just to oblige folks who won't work themselves and don't want others to work.

We asked him if it was true that the negroes had formed any organization for self-defence, as was rumored. He said no; that, so far as he knew, "they all desire to keep out of the way, to be quiet, and do their best towards allaying the excitement in the city."

The room in which the old man was lying was small, but it was the kitchen, sitting-room, bed-room, and garret of four grown persons and five children.

Instances of this kind might be multiplied by the dozen, gathered from the lips of suffering men, who though wounded and maimed by ruffians and rioters, are content to be left alone, and wish for no revenge.

At a little after noon yesterday, a number of

NEGROES WERE ATTACKED

on Broad street, by a rough mob of several hundred rioters. At first the negroes were disposed to stand and resist the attack, but being overpowered by superior numbers, they broke ranks and scattered, seeking refuge in the halls and cellars of the adjacent stores. Individuals of them were caught and severely injured by kickings and beatings, but none were fatally injured. At one time it looked as though most serious results would ensue, but upon the appearance of the police the mob skedaddled and the street was again quiet. The police sought out the colored men and took them to the Station-House for protection.

THE BURNING OF THE COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM.

From The Times, Tuesday, 14th.

The Orphan Asylum for colored children was visited by the mob about 4 o'clock. This institution is situated on Fifth avenue, and the building, with the grounds and gardens adjoining, extended from Forty-third to Forty-fourth street. Hundreds and perhaps thousands of the rioters, the majority of whom were women and children, entered the premises, and in the most excited and violent manner they ransacked and plundered the building from cellar to garret. The building was located in the most healthy portion of the city. It was purely a charitable institution. In it there are an average of six or eight hundred homeless colored orphans. The building was a large four-story one, with two wings of three stories each.

When it became evident that the crowd designed to destroy it, a flag of truce appeared on the walk opposite, and the principals of the establishment made an appeal to the excited populace, but in vain.

Here it was that Chief Engineer Decker showed himself one of the bravest of the brave. After the entire building had been ransacked, and every article deemed worth carrying had been taken—*and this included even the little garments for the orphans, which were contributed by the benevolent ladies of the city—the premises were fired on the first floor.* Mr. Decker did all he could to prevent the flames from being kindled, but when he was overpowered by superior numbers, with his own hands he scattered the brands, and effectually extinguished the flames. A second attempt was made, and this time in three different parts of the house. Again he succeeded, with the aid of half a dozen of his men, in defeating the incendiaries. The mob became highly exasperated at his conduct and threatened to take his life if he repeated the act. On the front steps of the building he stood up amid an infuriated and half-drunken mob of two thousand, and begged of them to do nothing so disgraceful to humanity as to burn a benevolent institution, which had for its object nothing but good. He said it would be a lasting disgrace to them and to the city of New York.

These remarks seemed to have no good effect upon them, and meantime the premises were again fired—this time in all parts of the house. Mr. Decker, with his few brave men, again extinguished the flames. This last act brought down upon him the vengeance of all who were bent on the destruction of the asylum, and but for the fact that some firemen surrounded him, and boldly said that Mr. Decker could not be taken except over their bodies, he would have been despatched on the spot. The institution was destined to be burned, and after an hour and a half of labor on the part of the mob, it was in flames in all parts. Three or four persons were horribly bruised by the falling walls, but the names we could not ascertain. There is now scarcely one brick left on another of the Orphan Asylum.

THE COLORED REFUGEES AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

From The Tribune, Tuesday, 21st.

Upward of two hundred colored persons have found shelter from the fury of the mob at Police Headquarters. They are of both sexes and all ages, from the infant at the breast to the white haired grandfather. Notwithstanding their misfortunes, sufferings and losses they are calm and cheerful. They are not unconscious of the dangers from which they have escaped, nor of the difficulties which surround them, but they have a strong faith in the power and justice of God. While they express the deepest gratitude to their benefactors, they show no spirit of vindictiveness toward the rioters, who with torches, halters, and firearms drove them from their homes.

They are furnished with rooms in the upper story of the Station-House. Trunks and boxes are used for seats and their beds are on the floor. They are abundantly supplied with good substantial rations, such as the officers and other persons connected with the Station have. Many of them make themselves useful by scrubbing and sweeping the rooms, waiting upon those who need their help and doing with the utmost cheerfulness any task assigned to them.

The following facts related in the language of the sufferers will give the reader an idea of the trials to which these poor unoffending negroes have been exposed. We omit their names and places of residence at their own request. Mrs. S.—a very intelligent woman, the mother of three children—the eldest, a daughter, married, said:

"One of the rioters came into my house suddenly on Wednesday, and asked me for my man. I told him he had gone to sea. The rioter then said, I will give you just ten minutes to clear out, and then I will tear down your house and burn it. Just then another rioter spoke a word in my behalf, when the tall savage-looking man drew his revolver and hit my little boy over the head, and threatened to shoot the man who manifested sympathy for me. I then picked up my babe and sought shelter in a house on Lexington avenue. The next day I went to Police Headquarters, and soon after my arrival, some fireman of No. 39 Hose Co. found my little boy hid in a box. I lost him in my haste to escape from the rioters, and was almost crazy until they brought him here. The child still suffers in consequence of the blow he received at the hands of the rioter. Her oldest daughter had previously gone to headquarters for protection."

William —— makes the following statement of the manner in which he and two other men escaped, leaving the women and children in the house, knowing they had a better chance to get away from the rioters:

"On Wednesday evening a tall man with red whiskers and moustache, came to my house; with him were two boys with ropes in their hands, and a crowd followed crying, 'Hang the niggers.' We then made our escape from the third story window by means of a rope, and hid away in the furnace in the cellar. The women and children (ten in number), then fled into the street and sought refuge at Jefferson Market Precinct. After remaining in our hiding place until 2 o'clock in the morning we made our escape, and we all met at Police Headquarters on Saturday. There were white families in the same house, consequently it was not burned, but everything was stolen from it."

G—— is blind and lame. Here is in brief the plain account of his escape:

"A mob burst my door open on Wednesday afternoon. I had an aunt there, an old woman of sixty. I was hid in the wood house. The mob said to the old lady that if she would give me up, they would not harm her. She said I was lame and blind, and had to go on crutches, and was afraid of them. They found me, however, and carried me into the house, and gave me an hour in which to make my escape. I went to the Station-House in the Eighteenth Ward, guided by my aunt, and there some kind friend—I wish I knew his name—put me into a carriage and conveyed me to this place."

A mother with her two children, one of them very ill, said:

"Last Wednesday I went to the Station-House on Twenty-ninth street, and the officer in charge told me to return to my house. He said no person would injure me. I went home with my two children, and as soon as I entered the house a man kicked the door open; he was followed by a crowd of men and boys who drove me away. One of my children was very sick at the time."

Mrs. D., a very nice looking woman, gives the following statement:

"I was driven from my own home on Tuesday, and from the house where I sought refuge on Wednesday. I and my three children finally reached the Police Headquarters. I supposed that my husband had been killed—his death having been announced in the newspapers, but he made his escape by hiding away in outhouses, and moving from place to place under the cover of darkness, and is here with me."

Mr. E. is an elderly man, a Methodist minister, who preaches to a colored congregation in this city. He said he was in his house watching by the side of a sick son, when some white neighbors tapped at the window and advised him to make good his escape. He tried in vain to get a carriage, and finally was compelled, with no other help but that of his daughter-in-law, to carry his sick son to headquarters.

Two of the refugees, who had been hunted by that monster with many heads and no heart, the mob, at length were rescued by a butcher's boy residing near them. He concealed them in a hogshead on his cart, and conveyed them to the Police Headquarters.

A neatly dressed colored woman states that two Irishwomen came to the house where she was stopping with a friend on Sunday evening and threatened to blow up the house with powder at 10 o'clock yesterday morning. She sought protection at police headquarters.

An old lady of 60 said she had to run for her life from her home in the Eighteenth Ward. She was followed by the mob, who pursued her with yells and curses and dangerous missiles. She was slightly wounded.

A woman who was crippled at the riot in Brooklyn last Summer was driven from her residence in Elizabeth street by a band of rowdy boys, who broke the windows of her house and threatened to use the torch. She is the mother of two children who are with her.

A woman with an infant in her arms fled from the Archway on Sullivan street. She states that not less than one hundred colored people fled from that neighborhood. The Arch had been set on fire three times by the mob. Even the white families in the vicinity moved their furniture, anticipating a fearful conflagration.

A landlord on 52d street threatened to turn a woman and her two infants into the street if she did not leave the premises. She could not find a place to move to, and as a last resort went to the Station-House on Forty-seventh street. She is now at headquarters. She has not heard from her husband since Monday morning, when he started to go to his work at Harlem.

A very pleasant-looking and intelligent young married woman, the mother of two children, came to headquarters yesterday morning. She came from the Station-House on Forty-seventh street. The premature withdrawal of the guard from the neighborhood of her residence on Fifty-third street, between the Sixth and Seventh avenues, made it dangerous for her to remain there, for the mob spirit was not slow to make its dreadful demonstrations as soon as the force was removed.

Mr. H., a man about thirty years of age, was driven from his house on Grand street. On Monday of last week he was taken ill at the store where he works, and was going home when the rioters fell upon him and hit him with sticks and stones, injuring him badly, but he reached his home, with the assurance of the mob that they would kill him. In the afternoon, about four o'clock, they came back to execute their threat. They broke in the door, smashed the windows, and swore they would burn the house over his head. He slipped out of the way, and remained under a neighbor's roof over night. He afterward reached the Station-House in safety.

Mrs. T., from Third street (her daughter and granddaughter, almost white, are with her), said that her landlord had been threatened with the halter because he hired his houses to colored people. She and her husband and children were compelled to leave their residence.

Mrs. R., a widow, had to run for her life—a house in the same yard being on fire. She lost every article of property save the clothes upon her person.

Mrs. W., an old lady from Cannon street, says that she, her husband, and ten or a dozen others, were concealed in a white neighbor's house for two days. This white family not only had the heroism to protect these poor people, but the humanity to feed them, and the discretion at the proper time to get a police force to escort them to the Station-House. Their benefactors are Irish Catholics—an honor to their country, and ornaments to their Church.

Mrs. A. was returning from her work at Williamsburg on Monday of last week; when she reached the corner of Market and South streets, a mob of half-grown boys commenced calling her names and throwing stones at her. They pursued her to Pelham street, when they fell upon a colored man and beat him to death.

Henry McCreary, who came to this city with the 12th Regiment, a fine-looking young fellow, has obtained a situation at the Excelsior House, Croton Dam, where he will be well cared for. He is a contraband, who ran away from the rebel army.

Mrs. D. kept an eating-house in the Eighth Ward. She was driven away from home by threats and violence. Mr. Johnson, in the block below her residence, was beaten so badly on Saturday, that he died on Sunday last.

On Thompson street three women were so badly used and terribly alarmed they died one day last week. Our informant could not state precisely the time of their decease.

Notwithstanding the comparative peace and quiet at present reigning in our city, the alarm to which this poor people have been subjected has not yet subsided. Nearly a hundred were to-day brought into the central office from the different precincts. Some have been in the Ward Station-Houses since Thursday last, and are yet too much frightened to dare to return to their houses. Others were received as late as (Sunday) the evening before. It appeared upon questioning these latter that they were driven out of their houses by companies of boys; they were on their way home from Church, and appeared at the Central Office in their Sunday attire.

Many refined and well-educated women (we might say ladies, if the title was not so often abused) with their bright and intelligent children were brought down from the neighborhood of West Forty-eighth and Fifty-first streets, and Sixth and Seventh avenues.

It was a humiliating spectacle for New York citizens to see these respectable people brought down to the Central Office by a guard of police, with the declaration that they were not able to protect them from a mob of boys in their own homes. Considering that we are assured that there are so many militia (National Guard) now in the city, that the Governor issues a proclamation for the return of arms from the citizen patrols, it is outrageous that there is not justice enough in our rulers to protect such citizens from a mob of boys.

THE COLORED EXILES.

A resident of the Eastern part of Brooklyn, who yesterday and the day previous visited the the settlement of the colored people in the Ninth Ward of that city, has given us some interesting details of the condition of things in that quarter. There are now known to be about two hundred persons who have sought shelter from their demoniac persecutors in New York, in the wild briars, bushes and low woods which cover the ridge bordering the city. There may, and probably are others who have not yet made themselves known. There were men, women and children found among them, some of them in utter destitution. Husbands driven away without the means of knowing what has become of their wives and children, and families burned out and compelled to flee, ignorant if their natural protector is alive or not.

In some instances separated families have accidentally been united. The permanent residents of the district, though themselves cut off from their ordinary employments and threatened with outrage, are active in succoring the refugees, mostly strangers to them, and liberally share their shelter with them so far as able. Many have, however, slept outdoors ever since the riots began, suffering not only from exposure but the effects of terror, such as can hardly be realized.

The immediate necessities of both the permanent and refugee population have been provided for by the citizens in the adjoining Wards, and such assurances of protection given as have somewhat dissipated their fears. But, better than that, they are determined and prepared to defend themselves and families against any assailants, and though peaceably disposed, say that if they must die it shall not be while running away. These preparations will undoubtedly effectually prevent any attempt to execute the threats which have occasioned them.

GRATUITOUS LEGAL ADVICE TO COLORED PEOPLE.

A large number of lawyers in this city and Brooklyn have signed a paper tendering their professional advice and assistance, free of all charge, to aid our colored inhabitants in recovering compensation for the damages inflicted upon them by the rioters. They say: "It is hoped that all just claims for such wrongs will be adjusted and paid by the public authorities with promptness. But for all pecuniary damages to property, whether real or personal, which has been destroyed or injured in consequence of the mob or riot, a right of action exists against the City or County in which the same may have happened."

All claims must be made within sixty days to the Board of Supervisors. No claims have as yet been handed in to the Board.

INCIDENTS.

From the Evening Post, 17th.

Yesterday, two negroes, men of intelligence and good business capacity, in the employ of a manufacturing establishment in this city, were boxed up by their employers, put into an express wagon from Brooklyn, and in that way conveyed to Newark, where they were delivered at a branch office, and restored to liberty and safety. The employers felt that to keep these men here would be to subject them to insult if not to injury, and as their services were too valuable to be surrendered, nothing remained but to adopt this novel method of removal.

From the same of the 18th.

Two negroes lived in the same house with some whites. When the mob attacked the house on Thursday, one of them took refuge on the roof, and the other crouched in a corner of the room. By the kind offices of the whites, the attention of the mob was diverted from the room in which the man lay concealed, but they searched thoroughly the rest of the house and the cellars during the night. One of the negroes said he could see the lights moving around all night. The mob did not cease their search till four or five o'clock in the morning. At length the negroes were rescued by a butcher's boy residing in the neighborhood, who came along, and *barrelled them up in a hogshead* on his cart, and thus conveyed them to the Station-House.

The negro population of Flushing, Long Island, having been apprised that they were to be routed out of that village and their houses burned by a mob, appointed a committee to wait upon the Roman Catholic priest, to assure him that the colored people of Flushing had always been a peaceable community, and desired to remain so; but that in the event of the destruction of their houses by a mob, or violence to themselves personally, they had been provided with a sufficient number of arms for self-protection, and would not hesitate to use them. They further declared their determination to burn two of the houses of the rioters for every one of their own destroyed. These negroes have not been molested.

THE COLORED PEOPLE OF NEW YORK TO THEIR FRIENDS.

At the request of many of the colored citizens of New York, and from a grateful sense of my own duty, I adopt this method to thank our friends and benefactors for their kindness to our people during the bloody riots in this city.

We shall remember most gratefully that portion of the city press which counseled the observance of law and order, and the exercise of justice and humanity toward us, and which has fearlessly defended the rights of a weak and defenceless people.

We pray for God's blessing upon our noble and heroic policemen and citizen soldiers, who, at the peril of their own lives, saved many of us from being murdered.

I am especially deputed to return most grateful thanks to the officers of the several Police Stations, who received and unhesitatingly protected all who sought their protection; and also to the officers of the Seventh avenue arsenal; and to the excellent physicians who promptly rendered medical and surgical assistance in various parts of the city to those who were sick, wounded, and dying.

We most heartily thank the very many ladies and gentlemen who sheltered our wives and little children, and gave them food and clothing, when they had been robbed of all they possessed. To two instances of this kind I shall ever be indebted for the preservation of the lives of my wife, daughter, and another female member of my family, and also for my own.

I take great pleasure in mentioning, with gratitude, the two generous young Irishmen who defended the children of the Orphan Asylum from being killed by infuriated men, women and children, who drove them from their home and pursued them with insults and curses.

We would also gratefully remember those ministers of religion, of every denomination, who have declared the truth in regard to the sin and guilt of those who have plundered us of our property and stained their hands with our blood.

We wish our persecutors no harm. They have hated, bruised and slain us without cause. May God forgive them. God lives and is just, and into His hands we commit our cause. HENRY HIGHLAND GARNET.

THE VOICE OF THE LOYAL PRESS.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MOB AND ITS PROMOTERS.

From The Times.

WHAT most amazes is not the existence of this mob but its hideousness. There have been other abominations of the sort in America, but nothing that began to be infernal as this. As cholera is said to begin with what other fatal diseases close with—death—so is this insurrection begun with what the worst of other outbreaks end in, cruelties the most fiendish and the most wanton. From the very first days, the horde has shown a vileness and depravity of spirit scarcely to be paralleled in any civilized land since the French Reign of Terror. Pillage is common enough in such *émeutes*, and arson, and even hot-blooded murder; but the dashing out the brains of infants, the kicking and torturing of dying men, as in the case of Col. O'Brien and scores of others, the mutilating of corpses and subjecting them to every mockery amid the general plaudits of the rabble, exhibit an abandonment of human feeling that was hardly deemed possible in any portion of American society, even the foreign-born. Few imagined that there was such a race of miscreants extant. It is appalling to think of it! At a time like this, we look, as it were, down the very crater of the volcano. The liquid fire and the bitter ashes, which from time to time devastate and pollute the world, roll and toss in that abyss. Other political perils that we have undergone, have been comparatively superficial; here we scan the depths to the very bottom. The spirit we now see, is the very spirit of the French Revolution, surviving still—sent over the water like some fiend from the pit, to make freedom detestable, to exterminate the laws of God and of society, and to turn the triumphs of civilization into a state of things as insecure as savage existence, and as degraded as that of the vilest brutes.

Last January we took occasion to express our opinion of the "Democratic Union Association" which held its weekly gatherings at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-second street, and which on different evenings was addressed in elaborate harangues by Vallandigham, Pendleton, Wall, Voorhies, Brooks, and other men of that stamp. We showed that, in every essential respect it was "the exact counterpart of the Club of the Cordeliers under Marat in the revolutionary France of 1791." We summed up by saying:

"Here is the great focus for heating the passions of the ignorant and idle against the existing government. The most expert and unscrupulous demagogues that can be procured, are, in quick succession, here brought up to the work of stimulating faction. There is no misrepresentation, no sophistry, no invective, no ribaldry, no diabolical suggestion or appeal that is not freely used for the furtherance of factious and revolutionary ends. The place is exactly what the French term the *foyer* of revolution."

Every syllable of that exposure and warning now finds its verification in the practical revival in this same city of the Parisian street scenes of 1793. This surging savagery against which we are now fighting as for our very lives, is but a translation into practical action of the Jacobinical sentiments then and there uttered. Let us cite a single specimen; and to make certain that the report does the speaker no injustice, we will quote from the report in *The World*, a sympathizer and fellow-worker. In his studiously prepared speech before the crowd at that place, Vallandigham said:

"Your misrepresentatives—for such they have become—not speaking the will of the people—have attempted to clothe the President with the power of conscripting (hisses) every man in the United States between the ages of twenty and forty-five (A Voice—'They cannot do it. They will have a nice time'), to compel them to enter the army, and enable the President to keep up a war which, by that bill itself, he and they confess to be against the will of the people."

And again:

"The provision is made upon the assumption that the President, the Secretary of State, and the Secretary of War (hisses) may send forth their minions and lay their hands on the people of this country. (A Voice—'Let them try it.')"

The wind is not more sure to raise the waves than such language, kept up week after week, was to bring on just such bloody commotion as we are now experiencing. Because the President disabled Vallandigham from his revolutionary work, Gov. Seymour, but three short weeks ago, united in canonizing him as a martyr; and yet to-day he stands aghast before the men who are but carrying out Vallandigham's "bloody instructions." There is a German ballad, in which the pupil of a magician, who had discovered the secret of his master, wished, like him, to give commands to nature. He directed his wand to go and seek water; the docile instrument obeyed; but it did nothing but bring water continually, until the house was nearly submerged. The imprudent scholar, who had evoked this hidden might, in vain tried to stop it; but he had forgotten the magical instruction. Terrified, he lifted up his hands to heaven, and cried: "O, my Lord and Master, save me from this danger! I have dared to evoke your spirits, but I do not know how to restrain them." It is a pitiful spectacle, and yet a very terrible one.

New York has been, for the last four days, a living theatre of indescribable horrors for the instruction of the public mind. It is understood now, as it never was before, our institutions, much as we boast of them, are of themselves no safeguard against the irruption of the worst passions that have ever threatened society in the Old World. It is seen that in spite of our Christian institutions we have thousands of barbarians in our midst every whit as ferocious in their instincts as the Minnesota savages, and never wanting anything but the opportunity to copy every Indian deed of horror. Public opinion will henceforth be less tolerant of the wretched demagogues who make agitation their trade, for no other object than to help on Southern treason, and advance their own selfish ends. The men who speak or write revolution will be ranked just as truly public enemies as those who fight for anarchy in the streets. The difference in mind will make no difference in the abhorrence with which they will be regarded; or if a difference is made, it will be simply that between your horror of a devil and your horror of a wild beast.

THE NEW YORK BRANCH OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

From The Evening Post

THE conviction that the disorders which have made this city for more than three days a scene of tumult, assassination and robbery was no sudden outbreak of, discontent, but a regular conspiracy, a branch of the rebellion, and the work of those who hold communication with the rebels, gains strength every day. The disclosures made in the case of the men recently apprehended at Philadelphia on a charge of treason, show how perfectly easy it has been for the accomplices of treason in New York to act in concert with the leaders of the rebellion at the South. From the testimony given in that case it appeared that there was a set of men in this very city who were engaged in leisurely fitting out two vessels, one to carry contraband goods and a rebel mail to Virginia, and the other destined to cruise as a rebel privateer and prey on the commerce of the country. The ingenuity of the detective police enabled them to discover the plot in season, and to seize the vessels when nearly ready to proceed to sea, with the evidences of their guilty errand in their holds and on their decks. It is well worthy of note that among the letters found on board addressed to persons in Virginia was one from the fellow, Andrews, who figures as a leader of the mob in this city. The truth is, that the rebellion has its agents everywhere among us, and there is no reason to suppose that those who were concerned in getting up the mob are one whit less likely to be in close communication with the rebel government than the rascals who send off contraband goods and contraband mails from this port, and fit out piratical vessels in our waters to burn, sink and destroy the vessels employed in our lawful commerce.

The scheme of separating New York from the rest of the state, and making it what they call "a free port," that is to say, a mart for the rebel States—a port in which their privateers may securely lie, and to which they may bring the plunder of the seas, was broached by Fernando Wood at the beginning of the present war. The project has slept till now, but it has slept merely, and the fomenters of this bloody riot have revived it. They seized the occasion when the metropolis was deprived of the greater number of the natural defenders of its interests, its honor and its quiet, when so many thousands of its gallant and vigorous young men, who would willingly have shed their blood rather than allow the city to be involved in this disgrace, were absent, fighting the battles of their country. Relying on the want of support in which the local authorities would find themselves, the conspirators sought to throw the whole civil order of the city into confusion, and introduce, as they almost succeeded in doing, a state of complete anarchy. Out of this anarchy there is very little doubt that these dreamers hoped to erect a revolutionary government. If those who administer the laws could be driven from the city, we should see emerging from the places in which they have hitherto skulked, the real authors of this agitation, the men who hired the felons engaged in it, and taught them how to act and guided all their movements in secret—we should see these men at the head of the new government, with their followers strutting in epaulettes, transformed into Generals and Provost-Marshals, ruling the city by the same means of terror which have been adopted in the seceding States.

We may mention here, as an indication of the nature of this conspiracy, that a distinguished and sagacious member of the Democratic party, on terms of friendly intimacy with many who stand in an equivocal relation to the present tumults, called yesterday at this office to inform us that, we did not understand the character of the present disorders; that they had a firmer basis and a more fixed object than we imagined; that those who instigated them were determined to effect their purpose at any hazard, and that our wisest course would be not to exasperate them by too resolute an opposition. We cannot suppose that such a counsel would have been given if its author had not known that there were men concerned in it who did not allow themselves to be seen as its instigators, and who had taken their measures beforehand with the greatest deliberation. Our readers will rightly infer that this information, kindly as it was given, made no difference in the course we had marked out for ourselves. The more determined are the traitors engaged in this work, the more firmly should they be resisted, and the more summary should be the means adopted to crush them and their schemes together.

The rebellion, it should be remembered, is not yet put down. There are many who even believe that those who are engaged in it have paused only that they may make their organization the more perfect. Those who openly took the most active part in it are not even arrested. The men who planned it, its secret instigators, are not yet detected. If any languor or remissness be shown in the preparations for restoring order and clearing the streets of the thieves and assassins who infest them, if the city should again seem to be in a defenceless state, we shall have another outbreak, more carefully planned, better provided with the means of destruction and defence—an armed, organized, trained mob, with its known leaders and regularly appointed subalterns, infinitely more formidable than the bands of prowlers who now roam our streets. It is even confidently said that the present riot was prematurely begun; that, according to the original plan, it was not to have broken out until this day, when it was intended to have everything in readiness to revolutionize the city. The fierce and drunken rabble, who were in training for these excesses, became too eager for plunder and too confident of their own strength to be restrained, and entered upon the part assigned them three days too soon. The story is not without its show of probability.

Yet we can assure our readers that if the riot is not yet put down, it will assuredly be, and that speedily. The government at Washington can now easily spare, and will freely spare, any military force that is necessary to subdue it. This day will be the last of these frightful disturbances, but it must be remembered that we have a set of men among us whom we cannot trust, who are in league with the enemy, whose time is passed in plotting against the public order and public liberties, and who are yet to be dragged to light and punished.

THE RIOTS.

From The Tribune.

WHATEVER others may have done, we have not been accustomed to underrate the strength of the Slaveholders' Rebellion in the free States, and especially in this city. We were long ago convinced that every thief, every blackleg, with nearly every one else who makes a shameful living at the cost of public morals or the well-being of individuals, is an instinctive and vehement partisan of that rebellion. Every one who lives luxuriously, yet earns nothing and does no good, is the natural ally of those who steal their livelihood by conspiring to make others work for them without pay. Hence we have long regarded with more serious apprehension the plottings and manœuvers of Northern Copperheads, than those of the open traitors with whom they intensely sympathize. We could always measure and calculate the force of the former; not so that of the latter. And in the dark hours now happily past, we felt that if the Union was destined, in the mysterious providence of God, to go down, it would owe its destruction far more to the covert stabs of its Northern betrayers than to the manlier assaults of its Southern enemies.

The storm, long gathering, has finally burst; and its fury falls short of our expectations. The mob that has for two days ravaged, and burned, and slaughtered, almost at will, has been strong only in the weakness of the military and the complaisance of the civil authorities. A single battalion or light battery, earnestly commanded, might have quelled it at the outset, captured its leaders, and stopped its career. Impunity in the beginning, stimulated by the hail-fellow speeches of magistrates who have no right to be cheek by jowl with incendiaries, miscreants, robbers and assassins, has given it all its disgraceful prestige and license. Had the civil power alone confronted it with stern denunciation, with scornful abhorrence, no military demonstration would have been needed. But, with sympathizing harangues from Aldermen, echoed by Judges, and a Governor to address it as "Friends" and enforce its demands on the President, it would have been the weakest and meekest of mobs if it had not presumed upon such familiarity and gone ahead.

It is absurd and futile to attribute this outburst of ruffianism to anything else than sympathy with the rebels. If, as some pretend, it results from dissatisfaction with the $300 exemption, why are negroes indiscriminately assailed and beaten almost or quite to death? Did *they* prescribe the exemption? On the contrary, are they not almost uniformly poor men, themselves exposed to the draft, and unable to pay the $300? What single thing have they done to expose them to this infernal, cowardly ruffianism? What can be alleged against them, unless it be that they are generally hostile to the Slaveholders' Rebellion? And how are the drafting officers responsible for the $300 clause?

We may just as well look the facts in the face. These riots are "a fire in the rear" on our country's defenders on the field. They are in purpose and essence a diversion in favor of Jeff. Davis and Lee. Listen to the yells of the mob, and the harangues of its favorite orators, and you will find them surcharged with "nigger," "Abolition," "Black Republican," denunciations of prominent Republicans, *The Tribune*, etc., etc.—all very wide of the draft and the exemption. Had the Abolitionists, instead of the Slaveholders, revolted, and undertaken to upset the government and dissolve the Union, nine-tenths of these rioters would have eagerly volunteered to put them down. It is the fear, stimulated by the recent and glorious triumphs of the Union arms, that slavery and the rebellion must suffer, which is at the bottom of all this arson, devastation, robbery and murder. And this fact should arouse every devotee of liberty and law to oppose to the rioters the sternest resistance.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1863.

FIRST OF AUGUST!

Emancipation the only Safe and Just Policy.

THE Twenty-ninth Anniversary of West India Emancipation will be celebrated, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, at

Island Grove, Abington,

On SATURDAY, August 1st; to which all are invited who desire that, hereafter, it may be in our power to celebrate the anniversary of a day which shall see every slave in the United States emancipated, and every root of slavery extirpated from American soil. Come, all friends of liberty! Aid us in making this the most effective meeting for justice and for our country ever held on Old Colony ground. Let the true *word* give impulse to the right, just and brave *deed*; and every heart be nerved afresh with the determination to utterly crush the rebellion of the slaveholders, South and North, and with the rebellion its origin, support, motive, and end—Human SLAVERY.

Among the expected speakers are WM. LLOYD GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, EDMUND QUINCY, WM. WELLS BROWN, HENRY C. WRIGHT, etc., etc.

☞ An Excursion Train, on the Old Colony Railroad, will leave the Depot, Kneeland Street, Boston, at 9½ a.m. on that day. Leave Plymouth at 9.20 a.m. Both trains will stop at usual way stations, and at the Grove.

Returning, leave the Grove at 5½ p.m.

FARES—Boston, Savin Hill, Dorchester, Neponset, Quincy and Braintree, to the Grove and back, for adults, 50 cents; children, 25 cents.

Plymouth, Kingston, Plympton and Halifax, to the Grove and back, *half the usual rates*.

Excursion tickets good on other trains.

In case of rain, the meeting will be held in Abington Town Hall, near the Grove.

By order of the Managers,

EDMUND QUINCY, President.

R. F. WALLCUT, Rec. Sec'y.

THE RIOT AND ITS LESSONS.

THE diversion in favor of the rebels in this city has been made, and has failed. It came too late. Had not the arrangements of its contrivers been so perfected, in the hope and belief of a National disaster in Pennsylvania, that it could not be stayed, it is very likely that those leaders would have hindered it altogether. But they had excited a frenzy which they could not control, and it would have its way at a time when, we may hope, it has done its authors more harm than they had hoped of good from it. We cannot suppose that Gov. Seymour and the Woods, and *The World*, and *The Express*, and *The Journal of Commerce*, desired the sack of New York and the murder of innocent negroes merely for its own sake, pure and simple. The machinery which they had put in motion to occasion a riot of formidable dimensions in this city, when the time was ripe for it, produced its effect, and it was beyond the power of the puny fingers that had set it going to stop its furious action. It is said, and we trust it is true, that the government is in possession of proof that the riot here was organized and engineered by men in direct communication with Richmond. Whether this be so or not, no intelligent observer of events can doubt that it was contrived, and contrived with ability, to promote the ends and further the success of the enemy. It was meant to cripple the government, to create at home and abroad a feeling of its incompetency to the work of suppressing the rebellion, and to help to make imperative either a recognition of the independence of the Confederacy, or, which would be better, a humiliating submission of the North to the autocracy of the Slave Power. The whole *animus* of the mob was clearly pro-slavery, friendly to Jefferson Davis and his cause, desirous of the defeat of the Nation and the victory of the Insurrection. The pillage and arson were but incidental, though necessary and important, concomitants of this main purpose of the movement. Its primary object was the prevention of the conscription and the embarrassment of the government, and the cheers for Jeff. Davis, and the murders of negroes, and the attacks on *The Tribune*, and on men suspected of being Abolitionists, showed that they had learned their business well. The plundering of houses and the highway robberies, to which the city was helplessly given up for so many days, were but incidents of the campaign which had been laid out by men who took care to keep themselves out of harm's way. Gov. Seymour's "constituents" and "friends"—titles which we hope will always be attributed to them—did him credit, and showed themselves well worthy of that honorable distinction.

This mob was but the adjournment of the one which Fernando Wood had promised the rebels in advance would be ready to help them, and which they fully expected would break out as soon as Sumter was fired on. The spirit of the people of the North disappointed him and them. It had not been so utterly debauched and degraded as he and they believed. Hypocritical pretences of loyalty followed,

bore it for a while, but finally turned round to the younger lawyer, who sat quietly awaiting the end of the storm, and severely said: 'Mr. Smith, if you don't stop making Mr. Jones swear so, the Court will have to comit you for contempt!'

"If Mr. Weed's impertinence means anything, it means that the Republican Congress which passed, and the Republican Administration which executes, the Conscription law, are responsible for the outrages of the mob which attempted to resist the enforcement of that law. And there are journals in this city which assert the same—but they never pretended to be either Republican or loyal."

THE REBELLION IN NEW YORK.

We devote a large portion of our space this week to an exposition of the great Copperhead Mob, whose diabolical ravages filled New York with terror during nearly the whole of the week ending on Saturday last. Having been absent from the city for several days after the mob was quelled, we have not been able to make our report as complete as was desirable; but we print enough to show by what influences the mob was incited, of what class of persons it was composed, what were the objects it had in view, what the means it adopted for their attainment, and who were its chief victims. The record of the outrages upon the negroes which we have compiled from the daily papers, dark and bloody as it is, is by no means complete, and though doubtless inaccurate in some particulars, it is on the whole a very inadequate picture of the sufferings of that class of our population. One case, not elsewhere referred to, we mention here, because the victim—one of the most intelligent and estimable colored men in the country—is well known to many of our readers. We allude to Mr. William P. Powell, formerly a member of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and for some time past the landlord of the Globe Hotel in Dover street, near Franklin Square. Mr. Powell tells his own story in the following letter to the New Bedford (Mass.) *Republican Standard:*

MR. EDITOR: With a sorrowful heart I write you a narrative of the outrages perpetrated upon myself and family by a lawless, infuriated New York mob. On the afternoon of the 13th inst., my house, No. 2 Dover street, was invaded by a mob of half-grown boys. It is wonderful how suddenly little boys grow up to manhood; or in other words, boys and girls were replaced by men and women. From 2 p.m. to 8 p.m. myself and family were prisoners in my own house to *king mob*, from which there was no way to escape but over the roofs of adjoining houses. About 4 p.m., I sent a note to Superintendent Kennedy for protection, but received none, from the fact that he had been seriously injured by the mob in another part of the city. Well, the mob threw stones at the lower windows, until they succeeded in making an opening. I was determined not to leave until driven from the premises. My family, including my invalid daughter (who is entirely helpless), took refuge on the roof of the next house. I remained till the mob broke in, and then narrowly escaped the same way. This was about 8½ p.m. We remained on the roof for an hour; still I hoped that relief would come. The neighbors, anticipating the mob would fire my house, were removing their effects on the roof—all was excitement. But as the object of the mob was *plunder*, they were too busily engaged in carrying off all my effects to apply the torch. Add to this it began to rain as if the very heavens were shedding tears over the dreadful calamity. "Hung be the heavens with black."

How to escape from the roof of a five-story building, with four females—and one a cripple—besides eight men, without a ladder, or any assistance from outside, was beyond my *not* excited imagination. But the God that succored Hagar in her flight came to my relief in the person of a little deformed, despised Israelite, who, *Samaritan-like*, took my poor helpless daughter under his protection in his house, where I presume she now is, until friends send her to me. He also supplied me with a long rope. I then took a survey of the premises, and fortunately found a way to escape, and though pitchy dark, I took *soundings* with the rope to see if it would touch the next roof, after which I took a clove-hitch around the clothes line which was fastened to the wall by pulleys, and which led from one roof to the other over a space of about one hundred feet. In this manner I managed to lower my family down on to the next roof, and from one roof to another, until I landed them in a neighbor's yard. We were secreted in our friend's cellar till 11 p.m., when we were taken in charge by the police and locked up in the Station-House for safety. In this dismal place we found upwards of *seventy* men, women and children—some with broken limbs—bruised and beaten from head to foot. We stayed in this place for twenty-four hours, when the police escorted us to the New Haven boat at 11 p.m. Thus we escaped from an infuriated mob, leaving our invalid daughter in New York in the hands of kind friends.

All my personal property, to the amount of $3,000, has been destroyed and scattered to the four winds, which, "like the baseless fabric of a vision, leaves not a wreck behind," except our lives, and so the Lord be praised.

As a devoted loyal Unionist, I have done all I could to perpetuate and uphold the integrity of this free government. As an evidence of this devotedness, my oldest son is now serving my country as a Surgeon in the U. S. army, and myself had just received a commission in the naval service. What more could I do? What further evidence was wanting to prove my allegiance in the exigencies of our unfortunate country? I am now an old man, stripped of everything which I once possessed, of all the comforts of life, but I thank God that he has yet spared my life, which I am ready to yield in the defence of my country.

I am, sir, yours, etc., WM. M. POWELL.

New Bedford, July 18th.

It affords us great pleasure to be able to say that these unprovoked cruelties have awakened for the colored people the deep sympathy of all good citizens, and that that sympathy is showing itself in liberal contributions for their relief. A meeting of merchants was held on Monday, Jonathan Sturges, Esq., in the chair, for the purpose of taking into consideration means to be adopted to aid colored men and their families whose homes and property have been destroyed. Mr. Sturges, on taking the chair, made an address, in which he said:

"I have been 41 years a merchant in my present location. During this period I have seen a noble race of merchants pass away. I cannot help calling to mind the many acts of charity which they performed during their lives, I hardly need to name them. You all know them. You all know how they sent relief to Southern cities when they were desolated by fire or pestilence; how they sent shiploads of food to the starving people of Ireland; this last act of brotherly love we have had the privilege of imitating during the past Winter—and as often as occasion requires, I trust we shall be quick to continue these acts of humanity—thus showing that the race of New York merchants is not deteriorating. We are now called upon to sympathize with a different class of our fellow-men. Those who know the colored people of this city, can testify to their being a peaceable, industrious people, having their own churches, Sunday-schools, and charitable societies; and that as a class they seldom depend upon charity; they not only labor to support themselves, but to aid those who need aid. This is their general character, and it is our duty to see that they are protected in their lawful labors, to save themselves from becoming dependent on the charity of the city."

Mr. Mackenzie, Chairman of a Committee appointed for that purpose at a preliminary meeting, submitted the following resolutions:

The condition of the colored people of this city, who have recently been deprived of their kindred by murderers, of their homes by fire, and of their accustomed means of support, having been forcibly driven therefrom by an infuriated mob without cause or provocation, is such as not only to excite the sympathy of every good member of the community of all parties and all creeds, but also demands and should receive prompt pecuniary assistance and aid.

That this may be effectually accomplished, we do hereby

Resolve, That a Committee of five merchants be appointed by the Chairman of this meeting, who, with the Treasurer of the fund to be collected as a member of same, shall have full power to receive, collect and disburse funds in the purchase of necessary food and clothing and in relieving the wants of the suffering colored population.

Resolved, That to said Committee are hereby granted full powers to assist all colored people whose property has been destroyed by the mob, in making the needful proof of the facts to obtain redress from the County, under the statute laws of the State of New York, and that they have authority to collect funds and employ counsel for that purpose.

Resolved, That we will exert all the influence we possess to protect the colored people of this city in their rights to pursue unmolested their lawful occupations, and we do hereby call upon the proper authorities to take immediate steps to afford them such protection.

Resolved, That we will not recognize or sanction any distinction of persons of whatever nation, religion or color, in their natural right to labor peaceably in their vocations for the support of themselves and those dependent upon them, and that so far as we are able to contribute to the wants and necessities of our fellow men it shall be done without reference to these distinctions. And further, that what we now propose doing for the colored man, we shall ever be ready to do for any of our fellow-men under like circumstances.

Richard Warren, Esq., a son of the Pilgrims, said:

"He spoke feelingly, for he spoke from his own personal knowledge of the colored population of this city. When he had the honor to be President of the Board of Education, he had the opportunity of seeing. He had seen them in their schools. He said (and he presumed there were others present who knew the fact) that the principals of the colored schools in this city, such men as John Peterson, Ranson F. Wake and Charles L. Reason—men who had been many years among us, teaching the colored children in this city, stood as high in intellect and in their propriety of conduct, and as human beings accountable to their God, as any men in this city. They were honorable, honest working men. No word of reproach could be uttered against them, nor against other colored men whom he could name, from clergymen down to laborers. It was but last week, living in a house which he had inhabited for twenty-five years, that he had been threatened if he let a colored man do the chores of his house, which he had faithfully and honestly done for many years, his house should be burned down over his head. 'Great God,' said he to himself, 'am I an American citizen, and shall I submit to this'? (Tremendous applause, lasting several minutes). He did not, he continued, desire to excite any prejudices in the minds of his hearers either of nationality, race or religion. We had proclaimed this country to be, as it is, the refuge for the oppressed and the poor of all nations, but we certainly had a right to ask that when they came here they should show something of the same magnanimity, should conduct themselves as law-abiding citizens, and should be no longer foreigners, but Americans. He hoped there would be a generous response to the objects for which this meeting was held, and that the resolutions would be unanimously adopted (applause). He asked that they, as merchants, come forward and give of their means to aid this dependent class of men, who, as a class, were honest and industrious, and not disposed to violate the laws of the country, but were now run after by cowards and hunted down. From the window of his counting-room he had seen a hundred white men pounding one poor black man. We could not give these poor colored women their husbands, for some of them had been sacrificed; we could not restore to them many of the comforts they had lost; we could not give back their reason to some of these poor men and women who had become insane because these hounds were after them; but let us give of the means that God had given us to aid these poor people, so that when we retired at night we could hear his voice sounding in our ears, 'Inasmuch as ye have done thus unto the least of these my brothers, ye have done it unto me.'"

Capt. E. Nye said that he was desired to make a statement, as coming from Gen. Dix, now commanding this department, that labor should be protected in this city at all hazards, and that those who wished to employ negroes or any other class of laborers might feel themselves perfectly secure in so doing.

Other gentlemen also spoke in the right spirit. Mr. Shultz, leather merchant, desired to suggest that the employment of negroes would hereafter be protected; that what was most needed now was for every man who had employed colored people to reinstate them in their places at once. This would be the best and most speedy relief that could be afforded them (applause). The question had now come up whether the merchants of New York had a right to employ such men as they see fit or not; and for one he was ready to meet it (great applause). Many had been in the habit of leaving this matter to the head-porter, but hereafter he proposed to attend to that business himself (tremendous applause).

The chairman of the meeting, Mr. Sturges, was appointed treasurer of the fund that might be collected, and the public are requested to send their contributions to him at No. 125 Front street. Upward of $14,000 has already been contributed. The Board of Brokers, having raised a fund of several thousand dollars for the relief of those who had suffered from the riot, voted unanimously that one-half thereof should be given in aid of the colored people.

The Committee appointed by the meeting has opened a central depot at No. 354 Fourth street, between Broadway and Lafayette place. Applications for relief can be made either by letter or in person, and they will be promptly attended to. Contributions of clothing or provisions will be thankfully received. Garments for women and children, sheets, bed sacks and pillows or pillow cases are particularly wanted. Vincent Colyer has charge of this central depot.

A large number of the most respectable and influential lawyers of New York and Brooklyn have published a card, offering their professional advice and assistance, free of all charge, to aid colored persons in recovering compensation for the damages inflicted upon them by rioters.

The following appeal also appears in the daily papers:

AN APPEAL FOR THE DESTITUTE COLORED REFUGEES.

The events of the past week have cast upon the world some 3,000 people of color, homeless, penniless and destitute. A large portion of these have been rescued by the police from the brutal and fiendish mob, hunting them like wild beasts from their domiciles and through the streets and alleys of our city. Some have found asylums at the Station-Houses, and others are secreted in places of doubtful security. A large number have been carried by night to Blackwell's Island for safety. Hundreds are still lurking about the suburbs of the city, on Long Island, and in the woods along Harlem river. Some have been rescued from under piers on the North and East rivers, where they were thrown in to drown. Parents are parted from children, and husbands and fathers have been either murdered or driven without the city. In one instance a father, after rescuing his family from his burning home, was thrown back into the flames and burned to death. In another instance, a child was taken from its mother's arms and dashed into the rear yard some forty feet. Many are bruised and maimed for life by fiendish outrages. The old and decrepit, in many instances driven from sick beds, are lying on bare floors, and the damp flag-stones of Station-Houses. They have been stripped of every article of clothing and furniture, which now make comfortable the homes of their persecutors.

With this harrowing recital I have only to ask the public of New York and the country for aid. They only require to know the channels to swell them to repletion. To aid them by food and clothing is the first necessity. They are in need of everything in the shape of clothing, particularly women and children. I have, under direction of the Police Commissioners, taken temporary charge of the fugitives. All articles of food or clothing may be sent to the office of Abraham Beal, No. 12 Centre street. In the meantime Churches and Committees should come together immediately and arrange for some plan of raising and disbursing money. Persons in the country who desire to aid the fugitives by employment will please address me, stating what kind of help they require, and if possible neighborhoods should receive one or two families into their midst. This becomes the more necessary as they have no homes to return to, and in many districts the fiendish spirit that sought to destroy them will not allow them to return except under protection which the limited means of the police will not allow them to extend.

Aid must be extended promptly, especially that of clothing, and women and children's under clothing.

These I will receive and distribute. Money contributions should be reserved for authorized Committees, which cannot be too prompt in organizing.

New York, July 20, 1863. JOHN H. KEYSER.

OVERTURE OF MR. CONWAY TO MR. MASON.

ACTION OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

WHEREAS, the London *Times* publishes a correspondence between the Rev. Moncure D. Conway and J. M. Mason (both of Virginia)—the latter Emissary and Envoy of the Confederate States—in which Mr. Conway declares:

"I have authority to make the following proposition on behalf of the leading anti-slavery men of America, who have sent me to this country. If the States calling themselves 'the Confederate States of America' will consent to emancipate the negro slaves in those States, such emancipation to be guaranteed by a liberal European Commission, the emancipation to be inaugurated at once, and such time to be allowed for its completion as the commission shall judge to be necessary and just, and such emancipation once made to be irrevocable—then the Abolitionists and anti-slavery leaders of the Northern States shall immediately oppose the prosecution of the war on the part of the United States government, and, since they hold the balance of power, will certainly cause the war to cease, by the immediate withdrawal of every kind of support from it."

And whereas, the public may infer from this statement, that Mr. Conway represents or is authorized to speak for the Abolitionists of this country, we deem it our duty to declare that he has no authority from this Society, nor, as we believe, from any member of it, or any sympathizer with it, to make any such offer—or, indeed, to enter into any conference with any one on national affairs; and that his visit to England, as far as we can learn, was entirely of his own motion, and that he was neither sent by the Abolitionists, nor is in any sense their agent. And while we have not the slightest doubt of Mr. Conway's zealous intentions to serve the cause of impartial liberty, at home and abroad; while we esteem him for what he has said and done so heroically and effectively in behalf of the millions in bondage, to his own outlawry from his native State—and believe the sole object of his correspondence with Mr. Mason was to unmask more clearly to the people of Europe the slaveholding designs of the Confederate States as the only ground and motive of their rebellion—we, nevertheless, utterly repudiate his action in this particular as ill-judged and unwarrantable; deeming our government wholly in the right in this struggle, and its success the best hope for all races and all interests on this continent; and regarding any other overture to the Confederate States, except that of immediate and unconditional submission, to be equally uncalled for and mischievous.

In behalf of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society,

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, *President.*

Boston, July 13, 1863.

THE "SCARRED BACK" PHOTOGRAPH.—Our supply of this photograph is exhausted, with several orders unsupplied. We expect more in a few days, when the orders shall be attended to.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, July 19th, 1863.

YOUR complaint of my silence is not without ground; but, with more than my ordinary press of duties and less than my usual quota of health, it has not been in my power to write. Besides, in times like these and amid circumstances such as surround us, no one but a regular journalist or a professed reporter can stop to jot down what is going on and what he thinks about it. At least no one can do so without difficulty. The task requires a degree of industry and an amount of effort not always at one's command. Nevertheless, I will summon my dormant energies, and, instead of yielding to the drowsy influences which languor and this quiet Sabbath day bring around me, will do my best to write you a letter.

I congratulate you on the auspicious termination of the insurrection in New York. Another stronghold of the enemy has been captured. Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and now New York, have been taken; the last, if duly followed up, the most important conquest of them all. For the past eighteen months, your city has rendered more valuable service to Jeff. Davis—in making public opinion at home and abroad—in organizing the rebellion, in the free States and in Europe, and otherwise giving aid and comfort to the enemy—than could have been possibly rendered by any two cities within the bounds of the so-called "Confederacy."

New York, notwithstanding the many loyal and brave people among its inhabitants, has been for a year and a half a rank secession hole, reeking with the spirit of rebellion. Under the guise of an anxious desire for peace and a tenacious regard for constitutional rights, your demagogues have advocated the worst doctrines of secessionism, and plotted the deepest schemes for the overthrow of the government.

Your city was just the place for the inauguration of such scenes as the past week witnessed, a lazar-house of crime—the common sewer of the civilized world—the receptacle of the most feculent refuse of the capitals of Europe—your metropolis, as it is called, and as commercially it is, fell most naturally into an alliance with the rebellion, and offered all the combustible materials that might at any time be needed for an explosion.

The outbreak, though it appalled everybody, surprised no one. It was more diabolical in its manifestations, but less extensive in its ravages than might have been reasonably expected. I congratulate you upon its suppression, which I would fain trust is complete. It is one of the most important victories of the war. Not so brilliant as that of Gettysburg, but fully as pregnant with consequences.

Were it not for the sufferings inflicted upon the innocent, we could look back upon your outburst, now that it is safely quelled, with unqualified complacency. There was a fitness in the whole thing. That inflamed, malignant, throbbing tumor, so near the heart of the body politic, and convulsing the whole system with its throes, never could have been cured without either being punctured or breaking of its own accord. In the absence of a surgeon with nerve and skill to perform the needed service, nature took the work into her own hands, and the disease found a remedy in its own violence.

That this emeute was part and parcel of the general rebellion needs no demonstration. The facts are patent; he that runs may read. The whole thing is now laid bare to inspection. It was a well laid scheme, deliberately concocted between rebel leaders North and South, and duly approved by coadjutors in Europe. Lee, with his victorious army, was to invade and hold Southern Pennsylvania, threatening Baltimore and Washington, capturing Harrisburg, and menacing the city of Philadelphia. Raids were to be made by "Confederate" cavalry into Indiana and Ohio; anti draft risings were to take place in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other Northern cities; Vice-President Stephens, with a diplomatic pretext, was to be on hand, near the National Capital, when things should seem ripe for negotiation; and Roebuck and Lindsay, on behalf of Slidell and Mason, backed up by the aggressive and apparently triumphant attitude of the would-be Confederacy, were to make a bold and final push for European recognition. This would make the "Confederacy" a nation, and, as it was supposed, ensure her final independence.

That such, substantially, was the plot hatched between secession magnates in New York and Philadelphia, Richmond and Fredericksburg, London and Paris, the disclosures of the last fortnight make abundantly manifest. "In the interest of peace," says the London *Times*, "it is to be hoped that Gen. Lee will at least make the invasion (of Pennsylvania) sufficiently effective to *disgust the Northern people with the war.*" "If Lee can hold his own," says the London *Morning Herald*, "for the next two months, he will *achieve great things for the South.*" The whole thing was understood on both sides of the water. But

"The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee."

And so it was with the Confederates. There was one contingency for which they had made no provision; that was the—to them—very improbable one of Lee's defeat. That General had found it so easy a matter to evade McClellan and drive before him the thinned and unsupported battalions of Pope, and had succeeded so well withal—on his own ground and in his own entrenchments—in repulsing successively Burnside and Hooker, that he fancied he could do as he pleased and go where he listed without reference to the movements of the Army of the Potomac. But from this dream of over-confidence he was destined to a rude awakening. The battle of Gettysburg disenchanted him, and drove him back in disgrace to his safer haunts on the southern shore of the Rappahannock.

Had it not been for this turn in affairs, we should now be watching the development of the plot from a different and much less pleasing point of view. Lee would be standing before Baltimore, demanding its surrender; or his flushed troops, having obtained a secure lodgment in Pennsylvania, would be firing our coal mines, ripping up our railroads, demolishing our canals and aqueducts, and destroying everything that gives value to industry. Our State—having sent the flower of her strength to the war—would be powerless for resistance. Then the mine so carefully prepared by the clamorers for peace would be sprung upon us, and up would rise the mob to "disgust the Northern people with the war." Then should we see, as we now understand, why aristocrat Ingersoll and mobocrat McMullen have been for so long a time hand-in-glove. The leash holding the hounds of anarchy would be cut, and the dogs of war would be loosed to murder, burn, ravage and destroy. Abolitionists would be put to death, negroes hung and burned, and public places indentified with their cause razed to the ground. In the meantime the agents chosen for the performance of these deeds would be recompensed by a general license to pillage and plunder. Such was to have been the grand catastrophe, which was to put an end to the war—putting the army of the Potomac *hors de combat*—paralyzing the people, and bringing the government to its knees and compelling it to accept terms of peace of the rebels' own dictation. But happily a defeat instead of a victory awaited the arms of the rebel General, and now the whole aspect of things is changed. In Pennsylvania, in New York, in Mississippi, in Louisiana, in Tennessee, in Arkansas, in South Carolina—everywhere in fact—victory perches on the banners of the Union, and the fortunes of the rebellion seem to be fast fading.

We in Philadelphia have thus far escaped entirely the horrors that were in preparation for us. So has Boston, with slight exception and by her own virtuous energy, and so have all the other Northern cities. But in New York escape was impossible. Such reeking corruption must at last be subjected to its merited penalty. Your time had come. The elements of discord and villany were too strong for repression. Your leaders of *The World* and *Express*, seeing the failure of their programme, in the defeat at Gettysburg, would doubtless have held their followers in check; but it was not in their power. Your murderers and thieves, pickpockets and incendiaries would not be cheated out of their promised carnival. So they went to work, and the thoroughness with which they performed their part all the world can testify to.

It was a most instructive exhibition, and—revolting and diabolical as it was—one that was much needed. Any thing less shocking would have failed to convince this unbelieving generation. People the most obtuse, on both sides of the water, can now see—with their eyes—what has been so often asserted—that the Peace leaders at the North and the rebel leaders at the South are engaged in the same cause and laboring for the same end. They are actuated by a common spirit and a common purpose. Their language—as interpreted by the acts of their followers, is—"Death to the negro—to the lamp-post with his friends—destruction to all property identified with his cause—and a free license to pillage to those who will execute these decrees." Does any one now ask what Southern slavery is, or what the slaveholders' rebellion means—or what is the spirit of Northern sympathizers? Let him look at the New York mob beating to death an unoffending black man, then cutting his throat, and then burning his lifeless remains; let him look at the same miscreants performing the same diabolical offices for a white man; and then let him watch them as they proceed to compensate themselves by plundering the houses and appropriating the effects of their victims, and he will have an answer more complete and satisfactory than it is in the power of words to render.

But I am saying more about New York than I intended; and more perhaps than is meet. I had meant to speak of Pennsylvania, which is my own province, but one will naturally talk of the latest sensation, and I was thus drawn from my purpose.

We have passed through a fiery trial in this State; but I am happy to say we have come out comparatively unharmed, and all the better for the purgation. The invasion of our soil, though it cost us much in the way of humiliation and something in the way of life and property, has on the whole been a benefit. Disaffection has been rebuked, the Copperheads have been brought to grief, and the loyalty of the State made more earnest and more heartily anti-slavery than it had ever been before. Our State, like your city, has had a taste of the insurrection, and knows, as she never knew before, what it means.

As for Philadelphia, so changed for the better is she that I am quite proud of her. She used to be distinguished above all other cities for her tolerance of mobs and her hatred of the negro; now she is one of the most peaceable communities in the land, and nowhere at this moment is there more effective effort made for the benefit of the black man. The enlistment movement is not only popular, but—as you have said—is actually "fashionable." This is attested by the class of men who are engaged in the work, and by the pressure of others of the same class to be "counted in." It is seen in the waving of handkerchiefs from the windows in West Walnut street, as black soldiers march and countermarch before them. It is seen in the character and position of the men who desire and accept commissions in the new-forming regiments. For instance, yesterday appeared before our "Supervisory Committee" Col. Benjamin Tilghman of this city, who, transferring himself from the command of a white veteran regiment to that of a newly-recruited black one, accepts the Colonelcy of the regiment now on the eve of completion at Camp William Penn. Col. Tilghman is grand-nephew to the eminent Chief-Justice Tilghman. He is an able soldier and a well-bred gentleman, and withal a sincere friend of the colored man. At the same meeting of the Committee, Capt. John W. Ames, of the 11th Regular U. S. infantry, was, at the request of Gov. Andrew, and by his own wish, recommended for the Colonelcy of the new regiment to be commenced next week. Capt. Ames is a graduate of Harvard, a son of Judge Ames of Boston, and a grandson of Fisher Ames.

Our people and papers express much chagrin that Lee was allowed to escape without another battle. I don't share in the feeling. On the contrary, I was glad when I heard he was over the river, and I have seen no reason since for any other emotion. If Meade had engaged Lee and been whipped—which was possible—it would have been bad; if he had utterly defeated and routed Lee—which was much more than possible—it would have been worse. The political consequences could hardly have failed to be disastrous. The nation is not prepared for a sudden and triumphant suppression of the rebellion. We shall not be ready till we get a black army of at least 100,000 men in the field. As the New York *Times* said, in its issue of the 4th of July, speaking of the importance of negro regiments, "we want not only to put the insurrection down, but to *keep* it down." M.

OBITUARY.

COL. CHARLES FREDERICK TAYLOR.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I ENCLOSE a notice of Col. C. FREDERICK TAYLOR, which we would be gratified to see reprinted in THE STANDARD, recognizing him as one of our costly sacrifices on the altar of Freedom. He was no common character. One who knew him well, writing of him regretfully, says: "He was noble and good, always so cheerful and confident, full of health and spirits, with a tender solicitude for friends at home, as well as for the brave men he commanded. He had a just pride in their confidence and esteem, which gave almost a religious inspiration to the performance of his military duties."

To the Editor of The Philadelphia Press.

SIR: The din of battle scarce sweeps over the plains before the telegraph takes up the echo and brings its messages of sorrow to those homes that with prayers and tears have sent out their loved ones. So few words could not well bring more heart-rending grief than those received at Cedarcroft, Chester County, on Saturday, July 4th: "Killed, Frederick Taylor, shot through the heart." Many a like telegram has found its way into quiet nooks and corners all over the land, but few nobler, better, or more promising lives have been laid down in this good cause, rich as is its harvest in intellect and worth. In this country village, where each citizen is thoroughly known to every other, there is mourning in every household for the talented boy, the scholar, and the soldier, who fell—very soon after going into the engagement—at the head of his regiment, the well-known "Bucktails," on the evening of Wednesday last.

Charles Frederick Taylor, the youngest brother of Bayard Taylor, the poet-traveller, was not yet 23 years of age. A gentle, quiet, studious boy, he won even more love and admiration than is generally accorded to youths of such great physical beauty, and graceful, winning manners. Ever among the first in his classes at school or college, he was peculiarly gifted in the acquisition of languages, getting the accent and peculiarities so perfectly as to be claimed both by Frenchmen and Germans as countrymen. Some seven years ago he accompanied his brother to Europe, where, beside enjoying the pleasure of revisiting the scenes of Bayard's early travels, he cultivated his taste for German literature, and made many personal friends among the literary people he met.

Returning, he finished his studies at Michigan University, and entered upon the business he had chosen a short time before the rebellion. He was amongst the first to respond to the call of the country, was unanimously chosen Captain of the company he assisted in raising, although one of the youngest men in it. They were joined to the Bucktail Regiment. Their history is written without a word here; their many battlefields, where their banners and their buck-tails were always in the hottest of the fight, tell of their valor better than words can do it. He was captured at the same time as Col. Kane, and with him paroled; after a long time exchanged, rejoined his regiment, made Colonel, then again captured, after having his horse shot under him at the last battle of Fredericksburg, but succeeded in regaining his liberty. The enthusiasm with which he came to meet the foe on the soil of his native State proves that his heart was as brave as ever in the cause. That young true heart seemed too bright a mark to escape the rebel balls. One by one the bright names are woven into the wreath we offer at the shrine of human freedom. Among them all there is no life more pure, more beautiful, none more loved, than that whose loss we now bemourn. To us he seemed scarcely to have passed the bounds of boyhood, so gently did he wear the honors of his manhood and high military rank.

I am, sir, very respectfully yours,

Kennett Square, July 6, 1863. C. P. S.

THE PULPIT AND THE MOB.—We are glad to learn that in many of the pulpits of this city and vicinity, on Sunday last, the mob was made a topic of discourse, invariably for the purpose of rebuking its instigators and supporting the cause of Law and Order. The tone of several of the Catholic pulpits is worthy of special notice and commendation.

The Rev. O. B. Frothingham's sermon was deemed so appropriate, that the hearers, at the close of the service, voted that it ought to be published, and referred the subject to a committee, by whom the manuscript was sent to us, with a request for its appearance in THE STANDARD. By an accident, for which we are in no wise responsible, it did not reach us in season for this week's paper. We shall publish it next week, and a pamphlet edition will also be printed, and sold by Mr. David G. Francis, 506 Broadway, up stairs.

THE REV. J. W. MASSIE, D.D., of London, will, in all probability, attend the celebration of the First of August at Abington, and deliver an address. The presence of this venerable and faithful representative of the true friends of America in England will add much to the interest of the occasion.

PHILLIPS'S SPEECHES.—Redpath's edition of Wendell Phillips's speeches has made its appearance in Boston. It is an elegant duodecimo volume, with a portrait of the author.

TWO PREMIUMS OFFERED.—Authors will be interested to learn that two premiums are offered for tracts to be published by the American Reform Tract and Book Society of Cincinnati:

1. Dea. GURDON JUDSON offers a premium of $100 for the best essay against SECRET SOCIETIES. This offer is made with special reference to those secret organizations that are even now plotting treason against our government. *Committee of Award:* Rev. B. P. Aydelott, D.D., Rev. C. Kingsley, D.D., and Prof. L. J. Evans. Manuscripts will be received until the first of January, 1864, and should be addressed to Ceylon Hudson, Acting Sec. A. R. T. & B. Society, No. 28 West Fourth st., Cincinnati.

2. Hon. LEVI RUSSELL offers a premium of $50 for the best Tract of from eight to sixteen pages, against PROFANE SWEARING, to be published by the American Reform Tract and Book Society, of Cincinnati. *Committee of Award:* Revs. Samuel Wolcott, T. H. Hawks, and J. M. Hoyt, all of Cleveland, Ohio. Manuscripts will be received until the first of December next, and should be addressed to Rev. Samuel Wolcott, Cleveland, Ohio.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

Port Hudson surrendered to Gen. Banks on the 8th. On that day Gen. Gardner sent out a flag of truce asking for terms of capitulation. Gen. Banks replied that he should require an unconditional surrender, and gave Gardner twenty-four hours to consider the matter. At 7 o'clock a.m. on the 9th the terms were complied with, and the troops took possession. The moment the surrender was completed, the rebels sent a request for six thousand rations, as they had eaten their last mule—which was found to be literally true. The trophies are five thousand prisoners, fifty pieces of artillery, and small arms in proportion. The loyal citizens of New Orleans indulged in a torch-light procession and general jubilation on the night of the 11th. There are several regiments of Massachusetts troops with Gen. Banks at Port Hudson, whose time expired some time ago, but who nobly determined to remain until the last rebel stronghold on the Mississippi should fall, and their valor has at last been rewarded by the consummation of their most ardent wishes. A force from Gen. Banks's army was advancing on Brashear City.

By an arrival from Port Royal we have full details of Gen. Gilmore's operations against the defences of Charleston in cooperation with the naval force under Admiral Dahlgren, to the 15th inst. After the failure of the attack on Fort Wagner, which was caused by the hesitation of the supports of the storming party to come up after the parapet was gained, Gen. Gillmore commenced approaches by mining, and it was expected that it would soon be captured. All the fortifications on James Island, as far as Secessionville, were also in our possession. During the operations a rebel steamer attempted to land reënforcements on Morris Island, but she was driven off and destroyed by our gunboats, the troops on board barely escaping. There is a report also that a rebel gunboat, which came down the harbor to reconnoitre, ventured a little too near our craft, and was taken. The news effectually disposes of the report that Charleston was captured on the 14th; yet such a result seems to be very near at hand.

Guerrilla John Morgan's raid into Ohio and Indiana is at an end. Nearly all his men have been killed or captured, and he is ingloriously skulking off to save his neck. Gen. Shackleford reports, July 20: "We chased John Morgan and his command over 50 miles to-day. After heavy skirmishing for six or seven miles between the 45th Ohio of Col. Woolford's Brigade, which was in advance, and the enemy, we succeeded in bringing the enemy to a stand about 3 o'clock this afternoon, when a fight ensued which lasted an hour, when the rebels fled, taking refuge upon a very high bluff. I sent a flag of truce demanding an immediate and unconditional surrender of Morgan and his command. The flag was received by Col. Coleman and other officers, who came down and asked a personal interview. They asked an hour for consultation. I granted 40 minutes, in which time the command, excepting Morgan, who deserted his command, taking with him a very small squad, surrendered. It was my understanding that Morgan himself had surrendered, and I learn that it was the understanding of Morgan's officers and men. The number of killed and wounded is inconsiderable; the number of prisoners between 1,000 and 1,500, including a large number of colonels, majors, and line officers. I captured between 600 and 700 prisoners yesterday. I think I will capture Morgan himself to-morrow."

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* has a special dispatch from Hagerstown, saying: "The whole rebel army is reported as being checked at Bunker Hill by the Union troops who have got in their rear. Gen. Averill is reported as feeling the enemy strongly on their western line of retreat for two days past. It is believed that Gens. Ewell and Hood are in strong force between Martinsville and Hedgesville. The former is thirteen miles from Williamsport and the latter six. The rebel pickets form a front from Hedgesville to the Shenandoah River, eight miles from Harper's Ferry. The rebel force is estimated at 60,000 men."

Our latest news from Jackson, Miss., is through rebel sources. This place was closely invested and had been much damaged by our shells. Our folks think Johnston has 30,000 men, and they hope to capture the whole lot. Gen. Sherman has relieved Gen. Lanman of his command because he attacked Johnston too soon and without orders.

During the campaign of 64 days, ending with the capture of Vicksburg, the rebels lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners, 43,700 men; about 71,000 stand of arms were taken, including nearly 50,000 Enfield rifles in their original packages, which were intended for the rebel army across the Mississippi, and about 230 pieces of artillery.

Reports from Vicksburg to the 15th, announce the capture of Yazoo City, which was held by 800 rebels, by Gen. Herron, on the 13th; 250 prisoners were taken. The gunboat DeKalb was blown up by a torpedo; her crew escaped. The rebels burned three of their transports and eight or ten steamers that had been hidden up the river.

We have a report by way of Corinth and Memphis, from Gen. Hurlbut's scouts, that Bragg is retreating precipitately into Georgia, followed by Gen. Rosecrans, whose advance on the 17th was said to be at Rome. It is thought that Bragg is endeavoring to make a junction with Joe Johnston. Desertions from his army are numerous.

Summary.

THE "INSTITUTION" USING ITS LEGS.—Late Richmond papers are full of advertisements of runaway negroes, whose affection for their masters has induced them to get out of the way of coming danger.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"—The following shows that there is considerable: "On Sunday the 14th inst., Solomon Heaver, a member of the Presbyterian Church at Petersburg, Ohio, presented his child for baptism, which he endowed with the Christian name of Jefferson Davis. The Rev. Mr. Rinehart, in a prayer, after the rite, spoke of the degradation of many Northern men, in thus espousing the cause of those in arms against the government which protects them. The elders refused to enter the name on the church record. Heaver has repeatedly declared he would call Jeff. Davis if compelled to fight. The circumstance has naturally occasioned a great deal of excitement in the neighborhood."

AUTOGRAPH BY PROXY.—Shortly after Henry Ward Beecher left for Europe, his business agent received a note from a Western lawyer, addressed to Mr. Beecher, asking for his autograph. He received this spicy reply:

"NEW YORK CITY, June ——, 1863.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have received yours requesting an autograph of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. As Mr. Beecher has left me a power of attorney to sign for him, you will, as a lawyer, at once perceive that I can grant your request—which I do with a great deal of pleasure.

"I am, dear sir, very respectfully,

"H. W. BEECHER,
"By F. B. P."

SERVED THEM RIGHT.—The Philadelphia *Ledger*, in commenting upon the "inactive classes" in that State, says:

"This rebel raid or intended invasion and subjugation will unquestionably cure many of these persons. The other day there was in the Cumberland Valley a large distiller, who frequently boasted among his friends that he did not fear the secessionists or Lee's army. When they came he was going to place himself under their protection and treat all around with a couple of barrels of whiskey. They came and took, without asking him, seven hundred barrels of whiskey—his entire stock. Round about York and in Adams County there have been too many who have trusted to the forbearance of the foe, and been stripped of everything."

WHAT PHILLIPS DID TO BLAIR.—Mr. Phillips skinned Montgomery Blair on the 4th. Relatives and friends of the deceased had better apply at once for such scraps of the hide as they may desire in the way of mementoes. It seemed to me, however, that Mr. Phillips assumed rather too confidently that Blair's speech was manufactured as President Lincoln's programme and platform for a reelection. That the President is a candidate I have no doubt; he employs some of his leisure in franking the political circulars, etc., of the Loyal League. But it is not proved that he was fool enough to send Blair to New Hampshire. It may be true, but it is as yet only an assumption. At any rate, I don't believe Blair will come into this region again on such an errand, and it is doubtful if even border State Republicanism will stand many such doses.—*Boston Cor. Springfield Republican.*

WHAT CATHOLIC PRIESTS THINK OF THE DRAFT.—In Pittsburg last week three of the Catholic clergy of that city were drafted. The congregation of the Church with which they were connected—St. Paul's Cathedral—immediately met to consider the case. After the meeting was duly organized, the Rev. Father McMahon rose and addressed those assembled:

He said, that "whatever opinion might be entertained in regard to the non-exemption of clergymen from the draft, it was the law

Miscellaneous Department.

THE PRAYER OF A NATION.

BY WM. H. BURLEIGH.

God of our fathers, hear our earnest cry!
Our hope, our strength, our refuge is with Thee!
Confound our foes and make their legions fly!
Strengthen our hosts and give them victory!
Victory—victory—
Oh, God of Armies! give us victory!

Not for exemption from the toil and loss,
The pains, the woes, the horrors of the strife,
But that with strong hearts we may bear the cross,
And welcome death to save our nation's life:
Victory—victory—
Oh, God of Battles! give us victory!

For this no costliest gift would we withhold;
For this we count not dear our loved repose,
Our teeming harvests, and our gathered gold,
Our commerce fanned by every wind that blows.
Victory—victory—
God of our fathers! give us victory!

Sons, brothers, sires, our bravest and our best—
The dearest treasures love has sanctified—
These have gone forth at Liberty's behest,
And on her altars have augustly died!
Victory—victory—
God of our martyrs! give us victory!

God! have they poured their priceless blood in vain?
Shall treason triumph in our nation's fall?
Shall slavery weld once more her broken chain,
And o'er a prostrate land hold carnival?
Victory—victory—
Oh, God of Freedom! give us victory!

Nerve with new strength the patriot soldier's arm!
Fill with new zeal the hero-souls that stand,
Pillars of fire, to save from deadliest harm
Their children's birthright in this goodly land!
Victory—victory—
God of our heroes! give us victory!

For the sad millions of the groaning earth,
Helpless and crushed beneath oppression's rod,
For every hope that hallows home and hearth,
For heaven-born Liberty, the Child of God,
Victory—victory—
God of the nations! give us victory!

From war's red hell, involved in smoke and flame,
From up-piled altars of our noblest dead,
We cry to Thee! Oh, for thy glorious name,
Make bare Thine arm and smite our foes with dread!
Victory—victory—
Oh, God of battles! give us victory!

July 4, 1863. —*Evening Post.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS'S FIRST ANTI-SLAVERY SPEECH.

From Redpath's Edition of Phillips's Speeches.

On November 7, 1837, Rev. E. P. Lovejoy was shot by a mob while attempting to defend his printing press from destruction. When this was known in Boston, Dr. William Ellery Channing headed a petition to the Mayor and Aldermen, asking the use of Faneuil Hall for a public meeting. The request was refused. Dr. Channing then addressed a very impressive letter to his fellow-citizens, which resulted in a meeting of influential gentlemen at the Old Court House. Resolutions, drawn by Hon. B. F. Hallett, were unanimously adopted, and measures taken to secure a much larger number of names to the petition. This call the Mayor and Aldermen obeyed.

This meeting was held on the 8th December, and organized with the Hon. Jonathan Phillips for chairman.

Dr. Channing made a brief and eloquent address. Resolutions, drawn by him, were then read and offered by Mr. Hallett, and seconded in an able speech by George S. Hillard, Esq.

The Hon. James T. Austin, Attorney-General of the Commonwealth, followed in a speech of the utmost bitterness, styled by the Boston *Atlas*, a few days after, "most able and triumphant." He compared the slaves to a menagerie of wild beasts, and the riots at Alton to the "orderly mob" which threw the tea overboard in 1777—talked of the "conflict of laws" between Missouri and Illinois—declared that Lovejoy was "presumptuous and imprudent," and "died as the fool dieth"; in direct and most insulting reference to Dr. Channing, he asserted that a clergyman with a gun in his hand, or one "mingling in the debates of a popular assembly, was marvellously out of place."

The speech of the Attorney-General produced great excitement throughout the hall. Wendell Phillips, Esq., who had not expected to take part in the meeting rose to reply. That portion of the assembly which sympathized with Mr. Austin now became so boisterous that Mr. Phillips had difficulty for a while in getting the attention of the audience.

MR. PHILLIPS'S SPEECH.

Mr. Chairman: We have met for the freest discussion of these resolutions, and the events which gave rise to them. (Cries of "Question," "Hear him," "Go on," "No gagging," etc.) I hope I shall be permitted to express my surprise at the sentiments of the last speaker—surprise not only at such sentiments from such a man, but at the applause they have received in these walls. A comparison had been drawn between the events of the Revolution and the tragedy at Alton. We have heard it asserted here, in Faneuil Hall, that Great Britain had a right to tax the Colonies, and we have heard the mob at Alton, the drunken murderers of Lovejoy, compared to those patriot fathers who threw the tea overboard! (Great applause.) Fellow-citizens, is this Faneuil Hall doctrine? ("No, no.") The mob at Alton were met to wrest from a citizen his just rights—met to resist the laws. We have been told that our fathers did the same! and the glorious mantle of Revolutionary precedent has been thrown over the mobs of our day. To make out their title to such defence, the gentleman says that the British Parliament had a *right* to tax these Colonies. It is manifest that, without this, his parallel falls to the ground; for Lovejoy had stationed himself within constitutional bulwarks. He was not only defending the freedom of the press, but he was under his own roof, in arms with the sanction of the civil authority. The men who assailed him went against and over the laws. The *mob*, as the gentleman terms it—mob, forsooth! certainly we sons of the tea-spillers are a marvellously patient generation!—the "orderly mob" which assembled in the Old South to destroy the tea were met to resist, not the laws, but illegal exactions. Shame on the American who calls the tea act and stamp act *laws!* Our fathers resisted, not the king's prerogative, but the king's usurpation. To find any other account, you must read our Revolutionary history upside down. Our State archives are loaded with arguments of John Adams to prove the taxes laid by the British Parliament unconstitutional—beyond its power. It was not till this was made out that the men of New England rushed to arms. The arguments of the Council Chamber and the House of Representatives preceded and sanctioned the contest. To draw the conduct of our ancestors into a precedent for mobs, for a right to resist laws we ourselves have enacted, is an insult to their memory. The difference between the excitements of those days and our own, which the gentleman in kindness to the latter has overlooked, is simply this: The men of that day went for the right, as secured by the laws. They were the people rising to sustain the laws and constitution of the Province. The rioters of our day go for their own wills, right or wrong. Sir, when I heard the gentleman lay down principles which place the murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock, with Quincy and Adams, I thought those pictured lips (pointing to the portraits in the hall) would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American—the slanderer of the dead (great applause and counter applause). The gentleman said that he should sink into insignificance if he dared to gainsay the principles of these resolutions. Sir, for the sentiments he has uttered, on soil consecrated by the prayers of Puritans and the blood of patriots, the earth should have yawned and swallowed him up.

(Applause and hisses, with cries of "Take that back." The uproar became so great that for a long time no one could be heard. At length the Hon. Wm. Sturgis came to Mr. Phillips's side at the front of the platform. He was met with cries of "Phillips or nobody," "Make him take back 'recreant,'" "He sha'n't go on till he takes it back." When it was understood that Mr. Sturgis meant to sustain, not to interrupt, Mr. Phillips, he was listened to, and said—

"I did not come here to take any part in this discussion, nor do I intend to; but I do entreat you, fellow-citizens, by everything you hold sacred—I conjure you by every association connected with this hall, consecrated by our fathers to freedom of discussion—that you listen to every man who addresses you in a decorous manner." Mr. Phillips resumed.)

Fellow-citizens, I cannot take back my words. Surely the Attorney-General, so long and well known here, needs not the aid of your hisses against one so young as I am—my voice never before heard in these walls!

* * * * * *

If, sir, I had adopted what are called peace principles, I might lament the circumstances of this case. But all you who believe, as I do, in the right and duty of magistrates to execute the laws, join with me and brand as base hypocrisy the conduct of those who assemble year after year on the 4th of July, to fight over the battles of the Revolution, and yet "damn with faint praise," or load with obloquy, the memory of this man, because he shed his blood in defence of life, liberty, property, and the freedom of the press!

Throughout that terrible night I find nothing to regret but this, that within the limits of our country, civil authority should have been so prostrated as to oblige a citizen to arm in his own defence, and to arm in vain. The gentleman says Lovejoy was presumptuous and imprudent—he "died as the fool dieth." And a reverend clergyman of the city tells us that no citizen has a right to publish opinions disagreeable to the community! If any mob follows such publication, on *him* rests its guilt! He must wait, forsooth, till the people come up to it and agree with him! This libel on liberty goes on to say that the want of right to speak as we think is an evil inseparable from republican institutions! If this be so, what are they worth? Welcome the despotism of the Sultan, where one knows what he may publish and what he may not, rather than the tyranny of this many-headed monster, the mob, where we know not what we may do or say, till some fellow-citizen has tried it, and paid for the lesson with his life. This clerical absurdity chooses as a check for the abuses of the Press, not the *law*, but the dread of a mob. By so doing, it deprives not only the individual and the minority of their rights, but the majority also, since the expression of *their* opinion may sometimes provoke disisturbance from the minority. A few men may make a mob as well as many. The majority, then, have no right, as Christain men, to utter their sentiments if by any possibility it may lead to a mob! Shades of Hugh Peters and John Cotton, save us from such pulpits!

Imprudent to defend the liberty of the Press! Why? Because the defence was unsuccessful? Does success gild crime into patriotism? and the want of it change heroic self-devotion to imprudence? Was Hampden imprudent when he drew the sword and threw away the scabbard? Yet he, judged by that single hour, was unsuccessful. After a short exile, the race he hated sat again upon the throne.

Imagine yourself present when the first news of Bunker Hill battle reached a New England town. The tale would have run thus: "The patriots are roused—the red-coats victorious—Warren lies dead upon the field." With what scorn would that *Tory* have been received, who should have charged Warren with *imprudence!* who should have said that, bred a physician, he was "out of place" in that battle, and died as the "*fool dieth*"! (Great applause.) How would the intimation have been received, that Warren and his associates should have waited a better time? But if success be indeed the only criterion of prudence, *Respice finem*—wait till the end.

Presumptuous to assert the freedom of the press on American ground! Is the assertion of such freedom before the age? So much before it as to leave one no right to make it because it displeases the community? Who invents this libel on his country? It is this very thing which entitles Lovejoy to greater praise. The disputed right which provoked the Revolution—taxation without representation—is far beneath that for which he died. [Here there was a strong and general expression of disapprobation.] One word, gentlemen. As much as *thought* is better than money, so much is the cause in which Lovejoy died nobler than a mere question of taxes. James Otis thundered in these halls when the king did but touch his *pocket*. Imagine, if you can, his indignant eloquence, had England offered to put a gag upon his lips (great applause).

The question that stirred the Revolution touched our civil interests. *This* concerns us, not only as citizens, but as immortal beings. Wrapped up in its fate, saved or lost with it, are not only the voice of the statesman, but the instructions of the pulpit, and the progress of our faith.

The clergy "marvellously out of place" where free speech is battled for;—liberty of speech on national sins. Does the gentleman remember that freedom to preach was first gained, dragging in its train freedom to print? I thank the clergy here present, as I reverence their predecessors, who did not so far forget their country in their immediate profession as to deem it a duty to separate themselves from the struggle—the Mayhews and Coopers, who remembered they were citizens before they were clergymen.

Mr. Chairman, from the bottom of my heart I thank that brave little band at Alton for resisting. We must remember that Lovejoy had fled from city to city—suffered the destruction of three presses patiently. At length he took counsel with friends, men of character, of tried integrity, of wide views, of Christian principle. They thought the crisis had come: it was full time to assert the laws. They saw around them, not a community like our own, of fixed habits, of character moulded and settled, but one "in the gristle, not yet hardened into the bone of manhood." The people there, children of our older States, seem to have forgotten the blood-tried principles of their fathers the moment they lost sight of our New England hills. Something was to be done to show them the priceless value of the freedom of the press, to bring back and set right their wandering and confused ideas. He and his advisers looked out on a community, staggering like a drunken man, indifferent to their rights and confused in their feelings. Deaf to argument, haply they might be stunned into sobriety. They saw that of which we cannot judge, the *necessity* of resistance. Insulted law called for it. Public opinion, fast hastening on his downward course, must be arrested.

Does not the event show they judged rightly? Absorbed in a thousand trifles, how has the nation all at once come to a stand? Men begin, as in 1776 and 1640, to discuss principles, to weigh characters, to find out where they are. Haply, we may awake before we are borne over the precipice.

I am glad, sir, to see this crowded house. It is good for us to be here. When Liberty is in danger, Faneuil Hall has the right, it is her duty, to strike the key-note for these United States. I am glad, for one reason, that remarks such as those to which I have alluded have been uttered here. The passage of these resolutions, in spite of this opposition, led by the Attorney-General of the Commonwealth, will show more clearly, more decisively, the deep indignation with which Boston regards this outrage.

THE HARD LOT OF THE SLAVES.

Yesterday evening I had a visit that made me very sorrowful, if anything connected with these poor people can be called more especially sorrowful than their whole condition; but Mr. ——'s declaration that he will receive no more statements of grievances or petitions for redress through me makes me as desirous now of shunning the vain appeals of these unfortunates as I used to be of receiving and listening to them. The imploring cry, "Oh missis!" that greets me whichever way I turn, makes me long to stop my ears now; for what can I say or do any more for them? The poor little favors—the rice, the sugar, the flannel—that they beg for with such eagerness, and receive with such exuberant gratitude, I can, it is true, supply, and words and looks of pity, and counsel of patience, and such instruction in womanly habits of decency and cleanliness as may enable them to better, in some degree, their own hard lot; but to the entreaty, "Oh, missis, you speak to massa for us! Oh, missis, you beg massa for us! Oh, missis, you tell massa for we, he sure do as you say!" I cannot now answer as formerly, and I turn away choking and with eyes full of tears from the poor creatures, not even daring to promise any more the faithful transmission of their prayers.

The women who visited me yesterday evening were all in the family-way, and came to entreat of me to have the sentence (what else can I call it?) modified which condemns them to resume their labor of hoeing in the fields three weeks after their confinement. They knew, of course, that I cannot interfere with their appointed labor, and therefore their sole entreaty was that I would use my influence with Mr. —— to obtain for them a month's respite from labor in the field after childbearing. Their principal spokeswoman, a woman with a bright sweet face, called Mary, and a very sweet voice, which is by no means an uncommon excellence among them, appealed to my own experience; and while she spoke of my babies, and my carefully tended, delicately nursed, and tenderly watched confinement and convalescence, and implored me to have a kind of labor given to them less exhausting during the month after their confinement, I held the table before me so hard in order not to cry that I think my fingers ought to have left a mark on it. At length I told them that Mr. —— had forbidden me to bring him any more complaints from them, for that he thought the ease with which I received and believed their stories only tended to make them discontented, and that, therefore, I feared I could not promise to take their petitions to him; but that he would be coming down to "the Point" soon, and that they had better come there some time when I was with him, and say what they had just been saying to me; and with this, and various small bounties, I was forced, with a heavy heart, to dismiss them; and when they were gone, with many exclamations of "Oh yes, missis, you will, you will speak to massa for we; God bless you, missis, we sure you will!" I had my cry out for them, for myself, for us. All these women had large families, and *all* of them had lost half their children, and several of them had lost more. How I do ponder upon the strange fate which has brought me here, from so far away, from surroundings so curiously different—how my own people in that blessed England of my birth would marvel if they could suddenly have a vision of me as I sit here, and how sorry some of them would be for me!

* * * * * *

I have had an uninterrupted stream of women and children flowing in the whole morning to say "Ha de, missis?" Among others, a poor woman called Mile, who could hardly stand for pain and swelling in her limbs; she had had fifteen children and two miscarriages; nine of her children had died; for the last three years she had become almost a cripple with chronic rheumatism, yet she is driven every day to work in the field. She held my hands, and stroked them in the most appealing way while she exclaimed, "Oh my missis! my missis! me neber sleep till day for de pain," and with the day her labor must again be resumed. I gave her flannel and sal volatile to rub her poor swelled limbs with; rest I could not give her—rest from her labor and her pain—this mother of fifteen children.

Another of my visitors had a still more dismal story to tell; her name was Die; she had had sixteen children, fourteen of whom were dead; she had had four miscarriages; one had been caused with falling down with a very heavy burden on her head, and one from having her arms strained up to be lashed. I asked her what she meant by having her arms tied up. She said their hands were first tied together sometimes by the wrists, and sometimes, which was worse, by the thumbs, and they were then drawn up to a tree or post, so as almost to swing them off the ground, and then their clothes rolled round their waist, and a man with a cowhide stands and stripes them. I give you the woman's words. She did not speak of this as of anything strange, unusual, or especially horrid and abominable; and when I said, "Did they do that to you when you were with child?" she simply replied, "Yes, missis." And to all this I listen—I, an Englishwoman, the wife of the man who owns these wretches, and I cannot say "That thing shall not be done again; that cruel shame and villany shall never be known here again." I gave the woman meat and flannel, which were what she came to ask for, and remained choking with indignation and grief long after they had all left me to my most bitter thoughts.—*Mrs. Kemble's Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation.*

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

To-day, a lisping child, with hair sun-golden,
And blue of summer morning in his eyes,
And cheeks aglow with kisses of new loving,
Sees old things new, with ignorant surprise;
To-morrow, and he knows the songs they sing in Paradise.

To-day, a youth, in pride of early manhood,
With light of far-off hope upon his brow,
With eager expectation of the coming,
And wild impatience of the loitering now;
To-morrow, he hath touched the throne at which all angels bow.

To-day, she stands beside the bridal altar;
All joy and promise round about her shine;
All truth is in the heart of him she loveth,
And her pure faith makes bright the flower-wreathed shrine;
To-morrow, hark! a fairer bridegroom, maiden, must be thine.

To-day, an old man lingers in his sadness;
Great griefs have digged deep furrows in his cheeks;
A cold grave with the long-ago departed,
In stammering words, is all the boon he seeks;
To-morrow, with unfaltering lips the joy of heaven he speaks.

—*Christian Inquirer.*

THE RELIGIOUS ORDER FOR WOMEN.

The order of *deaconesses* was instituted at the same time as that of deacon, and corresponds in duty with that office. We read of deaconesses in the last chapter of Romans, Phœbe, Priscilla, Aquila, etc. The establishment of institutions for deaconesses affords a home to the unmarried women of our land, and widows without children, and furnishes them with such work as their health and previous employments fit them for. It carries out the principle, "Unity is strength." It is founded on that true spring of success—sympathy arising from similarity of circumstances and sameness of employment. Ministering to the sick and poor is so well adapted to women, that their time might be pleasantly as well as profitably spent. The desire in women to be employed is thus gratified, and the good of others as well as themselves thereby promoted. Those received as members would find it most harmonious to be of the same religion, and they should be willing to come under the regulations of the institution. Such an institution would have to be conducted by a person of discretion, piety and wisdom. The members usually dress in uniform. Comfortable clothing is always furnished, boarding, of course, being provided in the establishment. The duties of deaconess in Protestant institutions are the same as those of sisters of charity in nunneries and convents. The institutions are usually commenced by public or private contributions, and some by both. When once firmly established, the members might receive a fair compensation for their services from the sick that are able and willing to pay. It might go to the support of the institution, and those who saw proper to devote themselves to teaching might throw their profits into the general fund. But such institutions should be secured on such a firm basis that those women who joined the order would ever be certain of a home and of a kind and careful attendance in sickness and old age. If institutions are established in various parts of the United States, an inmate of one, if tired of remaining at that, might, by request, and after consideration by the principal, or a board of trustees, be permitted to remove to another. There are a number of institutions in Europe for preparing women for the duties of deaconess. The first institution of modern times was established by Pastor Fliedner, at Kaiserwerth, Germany. "It has for its object the training of deaconesses—that is, female students to take charge of the sick and the poor, and superintend hospitals, infant and industrial schools, and, in short, to be the educators and preservers of humanity." An association has lately been formed in London of this order. Its object "is the diffusion of sanitary knowledge and promotion of physical training." "In Russia, the system for the practical training of deaconesses has spread in all directions. In Paris, Strasbourg, Echallens (in Switzerland), Utrecht, and England, the institution exists." Kings have not thought it beneath them to assist in the support of such institutions. Miss Bremer mentions several going to Jerusalem to take charge of a hospital, which the King of Prussia founded at an expense of fifty thousand dollars. We find two or three such institutions exist in the United States—one in New York, another in Pittsburg, and one in an incipient state in Baltimore. The one in New York is conducted by Sisters of the Holy Communion (Episcopalians). Five of them make their home at St. Luke's Hospital. One or two of the number are engaged in a parochial school connected with Dr. Muhlenberg's church. Those of the hospital nurse the sick during the day. They employ nurses to do the night nursing, except in very serious cases that require especial attention. Their dress is simple, black, with white collars and undersleeves, and, when in full dress, a Swiss muslin cap. They do not take vows like the nuns of the Roman Catholic Church, nor do they give up all their property, but make a quarterly payment, according to their means. One devotes herself to the measuring out and dispensing of medicine. There is a hospital in Pittsburg in charge of some deaconesses from Kaiserwerth. They belong to the Evangelical Lutheran Church. The institution was commenced by the Rev. W. A. Passavant, but is now incorporated by the State, and the "members are empowered to engage in all works of mercy, such as the care of the poor, sick, fatherless, insane, and the education of the ignorant and the orphan. The sisters live in community—dress simply, and generally alike, so as to avoid any unnecessary distinction and useless expenses. Applicants for admission go first for a month merely as visitors, and pay their own expenses going and returning. If both parties approve, they then enter on probation for three months, and afterward for nine months, or longer, as the institution may deem best. Then, if their purpose is still the same, they are received by a vote, according to the charter, as members. It is distinctly understoood, that if a change in their views and purposes, or nearer or family duties require them to leave after this, they are at perfect liberty to do so, but always, only, after giving the institution a due notice of three months, unless such a notification is impossible from the circumstances of the case. Those who are preparing for the work among the sick learn the duties of an apothecary. All the sisters know how to mix medicines." Miss E. Blackwell says: "In the Catholic Church the wants and talents of all classes are met. Single wealthy women become nuns, and so devote their riches and talents and time to good works. They associate with the most refined and best educated of both sexes. Poor single women find a home and social pleasures. It requires practical business habits to become even a successful sister of charity. They should enter with an active interest and zest into the duties of every-day life. These orders can never succeed well among Protestants, particularly until female physicians are introduced." The Minister of the Interior, writing from Italy to Mrs. Jameson, says: "Not only have we experienced the advantage of employing the sisters of charity in the prisons, in the supervision of the details, in distributing food, preparing medicines, and nursing the sick in the infirmaries; but we find that the influence of these ladies on the minds of the prisoners, when recovering from sickness, has been productive of the greatest benefit, as leading to permanent reform in many cases, and a better frame of mind always; for this reason, among others, we have given them every encouragement." Many young ladies of education, wealth and influence would, on becoming pious, or when disappointed in their hopes and aspirations, be likely to join such societies. At such times, many are willing to give themselves up entirely to works of active benevolence. Such a life, of course, involves some self-denials. Bishop Potter warmly advocated the introduction of such orders, and delivered an address in favor of it. The Bishop of Exeter recommended the establishment of such orders in England, and an institution for deaconesses has been opened in London —*Employments of Women.*

LETTER OF THE KING OF SIAM TO ADMIRAL FOOTE.

Correspondence of The N.Y. Tribune.

Washington, July 8, 1863.

It is well known that Admiral Foote was in the habit of receiving letters from the second King of Siam, with whom he became acquainted when in command of our fleet in the King's waters. The letters are autograph, and evince much intelligence, especially with regard to our affairs. This is apparent in the letter which we are able to present to-day. Considering its date, we may be surprised at the clear appreciation which it shows of the relations of slavery to the war. The king does not hesitate to speak of the forces of the enemy as "rebel forces"; and he "earnestly wishes success to the United States government, and the complete suppression of the reckless rebellion." Then, again, mark how clearly he sees the fatal consequences of a failure to deal with slavery. "If slavery," he says, "remain unimpaired, you will be exposed to all the perplexing difficulties of the past." He then declares himself for "the complete annihilation of slavery."

It is interesting to read such generous words of sympathy from a foreign sovereign. No such words have come from England or France; but then they are civilized.

This letter had been submitted by Admiral Foote to the President and his Cabinet, all of whom read it with much satisfaction; but he hesitated to communicate it to the public. Only a few days before leaving Washington, on his way to his honorable command at Charleston, he gave a copy of it to Senator Sumner, with authority to use it as he should think proper. Now that the excellent Admiral has been removed by death, it has seemed that the letter ought to be generally known on his account, as well as from its intrinsic value, and the Senator has consented to its publication:

Palace of the Second King,
Bangkok, Siam, May 22, 1863.

Commodore A. H. Foote, *Flag Officer of the Mississippi Gunboat Fleet.*

Dear Sir: I look with intense interest for American intelligence. I see by the papers that you are honored with an important and critical post. Recent intelligence announces your brilliant successes on the Tennessee, Cumberland and Mississippi Rivers, in the taking of Forts Henry, Donelson, and the town of Columbus—the strong positions of the rebel forces. We earnestly wish success to the United States government, and the complete suppression of the reckless rebellion; and at the same time I deeply regret that any of the Southern States have placed themselves in a position where the maintenance of the United States government must be attended with such sad consequences to them. The alternate successes and disasters indicate that the struggle must be a bloody, and we sometimes fear a protracted one. We wish and we expect your triumphant success; yet we confess that the intelligence received sometimes suggests the possibility that the United States may become two republics, which to us is an exceedingly repulsive prospect.

Should the United States government be successful in the present contest, and slavery remain unimpaired, you will again be exposed to all the perplexing difficulties of the past. The complete annihilation of slavery alone will put an end to the disturbing elements which have fomented the present rupture, and which unchecked must initiate still more fatal ones in the future.

I have learned with pain that you have received two wounds in your recent engagements, and am thankful that they were so slight as not to prevent you from vigorously prosecuting your all-important work.

I think of you much while you are contending with a stubborn foe, and wish for you and your glorious country such triumphs and such successes as will bring back every State to its allegiance, and place the peace and prosperity of the whole and unimpaired Union upon a lasting basis. I wish, too, the universal prevalence of the humane principles of your celebrated Declaration of Independence—equal freedom to all in the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness.

For months past my health has been frail, but is now improving. My palace, too, has been undergoing repairs, but is nearly completed. Write when you can. Kind regards to all the members of your family.

Yours truly, S. P. Pawarenduennese,
Second King of Siam, etc., etc.

SEAL.

MR. CRAFT'S MISSION TO DAHOMEY.

To the Editor of The London Dial.

Sir: It will doubtless be in the recollection of some of your readers that in November last Mr. William Craft sailed from England on a mission to the King of Dahomey. The object Mr. Craft has in view is to promote the abolition of those revolting human sacrifices which have, of late years, given to that country so unenviable a notoriety. He will point out to the King and his chiefs the advantages of legitimate trade, and endeavor to impress them with a sense of the productiveness of their country, and especially of the value of its cotton. Mr. Craft occupies no official position; he goes unarmed and unattended, and contemplates only the use of moral instrumentalities. Some persons might be disposed to regard his enterprise as Quixotic; but I am assured by gentlemen who thoroughly understand the negro character on the West Coast of Africa, that his prospects of ultimate success are considerable, and that his visit is sure to be productive of good. This view of the matter is strengthened by the fact that when the King was apprised of his intended journey to Abomey, he expressed the greatest desire to see him, and has since repeatedly spoken of him in the most friendly terms. Founded, as the hideous "customs" of West Africa are, upon the grossest popular superstitions (and not, as is often supposed, upon the sanguinary cruelty of a few despotic chiefs), they can only be overthrown by the combined influence of commerce and Christianity. Many years ago human beings were as frequently sacrificed at Old Calabar as they now are at Dahomey; but that able and enlightened man, Mr. T. C. Taylor, our late Consul at Abbeokuta, and other English traders, addressed earnest expostulations to King Ego, and the result was, that in a comparatively brief space of time they induced the King to abolish the inhuman practice, and it has never since been revived. If force had been employed, of course the town could easily have been made a heap of ruins, and hundreds of its population destroyed; but while this would have been the inevitable result of military operations, the people would, in all probability, have clung with a greater tenacity than ever to their barbarous institution. What Mr. Taylor and his friends accomplished in Old Calabar, there is a reasonable hope Mr. Craft may be able to effect in Dahomey. Every one, I think, will agree that the experiment is worth making, even though it entail, as it certainly does, some risk upon Mr. Craft, and some expense upon others. The funds have hitherto been raised by a private appeal, chiefly circulated among, and responded to by, members of the Society of Friends; but more money is now required, and I feel sure that the public will not be slow to assist a noble colored man in his efforts to put an end to a great iniquity, and to ameliorate the condition of his African brethren. Annexed is a copy of the last letter received from Mr. Craft, which will be found to contain some interesting and encouraging facts. I have only to add, that subscriptions will be received by Mr. S. Gurney, M.P., the treasurer; or by Dr. Hodgkin, 35 Bedford Square.

Your obedient servant, F. W. Chesson,
Hon. Sec. of the Dahomey Committee.

London, June 20.

LETTER FROM MR. WILLIAM CRAFT.

"Whydah, April 29.

"I write from this place to inform you of my safety and partial success. It is stated here that the King of Dahomey arrived home at Abomey from his slave-hunting expedition about three weeks ago. Owing to his having been absent from the kingdom so long I did not leave Lagos till the 16th of this month. I arrived at Badagry on the 17th, after passing rather an unpleasant night in a leaky canoe among the powerful mosquitos. The thousands of palm and other trees on the banks of the river, or rather lagune, present a very pleasing appearance.

"At Badagry, I had the honor of spending the night of the 17th at the house of Thomas Tickle, Esq., the British Acting Consul for that place. Mr. Tickle has been on the coast for many years, and can speak four native languages; and as the people understand him, and he them, they appear to get on well together.

"On the 18th morning, I left Badagry in my old canoe, and arrived at Porto Novo in the evening. There I stopped at Capt. Davis's trading establishment, having been invited by him to do so. On the 19th morning the King was informed of my being in town, and of my desire to see him. So on the 20th he sent his stick and messengers to conduct me to the palace, which is a large and good building with very high walls around, and court-yard inside. There is also an elevated place adjoining the walls for the King's two or three hundred wives to promenade; but, strange to say, that sometimes these 'better halves' are in silks and velvets, sitting around the King, then again dressed in cotton-cloth and trading in the market-place. No native is allowed to wear shoes. All his Majesty's beauties go barefoot on all occasions.

"The King of Porto Novo is a tall man, of about forty-five years old; he is quite black, and rather good-looking. I saw him in a large verandah, attended by a numerous company of wives and others. Among other things, he said that the English have treated him with great cruelty and injustice in burning his town and killing a great number of his people without provocation; and, for fear of a repetition of this cruelty, he said that he had placed his country in the hands of the French for protection. His Majesty also stated that among all the English he had but one friend, and he was Capt. Davis. Capt. Davis kindly gave me a letter of introduction to the King, which was read by his Majesty's interpreter, a native trader, who speaks, reads, and writes English well. After a long conversation respecting the advantages of legitimate trade and the cultivation of cotton in particular, the King finally said that his people were now engaged in the production of palm-oil, and did not understand the cultivation of cotton; and as he had given his country to the French he had no power at present to carry out my suggestions. He thanked me for coming to see him and also for the presents which I made to him. The King said that I would be quite safe in travelling in Dahomey, and even beyond if I felt inclined to go. He offered to send some one, or rather a messenger, with me to Dahomey, but this was not acquiesced in by the French authorities. The King said he was very sorry, but he did not like to do anything which the French did not approve of. So I obtained no messenger from the King of Porto Novo. After I had returned to my lodgings, he sent his servants to bring me some ducks, fowls, etc., and to wish me every happiness and success. On the morning of the 21st I got a good canoe, and left Porto Novo for Godomey, the first town in Dahomey. It is a small but clean town, about eighteen miles from Whydah. The Governor of Godomey detained me (according to custom) till he could send a messenger to the Governor of Whydah. And without delay the Governor or Ayogard sent his stick and seven strong men to bring me in a hammock to Whydah. Before I left Godomey the governor there sent me more fowls than I knew what to do with. However, as everybody one meets with expects something, they came in quite handy. At half-past twelve o'clock on the night of the 25th, I arrived at the English fort in the notorious Whydah. This fort was built in the time of the early slave trade, about 200 years ago. The Rev. Mr. Benasko resides here. He has a chapel in the yard, but I am sorry to say it is not numerously attended. However, he seems to be a very good man, and is popular with all classes, and I think he is doing great good in a quiet way. On the morning of the 26th Mr. Benasko introduced me to the Avogard at his house. He, also, is a tall, fine man, of about sixty, rather bigger than the King of Porto Novo, but not so good-looking. In fact, he is very stern, although he talked and laughed freely with me, which Mr. Benasko was surprised to see, owing to my being a stranger. The Avogard said he wished I would settle here and trade; and said I should receive every encouragement and protection. He also stated that the King would be very glad to see me, and that he would at once send messengers to inform his Majesty of my arrival. Early on Sunday morning the 27th, the men that came with me from Badagry were sent to Abomey to tell the King that I was here, etc. Abomey is only three days' journey from this place. The Avogard thinks in a few days I shall receive the King's invitation to come up.

"P.S. The King has just sent for me to come to see him."

IMPERISHABLE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse to a wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth;
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves a friend indeed,—
The plea for mercy, softly breathed,
When Justice threatens high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss;
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasped, those lips have met,
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell;
The chilling want of sympathy,
We feel, but never tell.
The hard repulse that chills the heart
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unfading record kept—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love—
Be firm, and just, and true.
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee—
These things shall never die.

—*All the Year Round.*

PICTURES OF SLAVERY.

I have been long promising poor old House Molly to visit her in her own cabin, and so the day before yesterday I walked round the settlement to her dwelling, and a most wretched hovel I found it. She has often told me of the special directions left by her old master for the comfort and well-being of her old age, and certainly his charge has been but little heeded by his heirs, for the poor faithful old slave is most miserably off in her infirm years. She made no complaint, however, but seemed overjoyed at my coming to see her. She took me to the hut of her brother, old Jacob, where the same wretched absence of every decency and every comfort prevailed; but neither of them seemed to think the condition that appeared so wretched to me one of peculiar hardship—though Molly's former residence in her master's house might reasonably have made her discontented with the lot of absolute privation to which she was now turned over—but, for the moment, my visit seemed to compensate for all sublunary sorrows, and she and poor old Jacob kept up a duet of rejoicing at my advent, and that I had brought "de little missis among um people afore they die."

Leaving them, I went on to the house of Jacob's daughter Hannah, with whom Psyche, the heroine of the rice-island story, and wife of his son Joe, lives. I found their cabin as tidy and comfortable as it could be made, and their children, as usual, neat and clean; they are capital women, both of them, with an innate love of cleanliness and order most uncommon among these people. On my way home I overtook two of my daily suppliants, who were going to the house in search of me, and meat, flannel, rice and sugar, as the case might be; they were both old and infirm-looking women, and one of them, called Scylla, was extremely lame, which she accounted for by an accident she had met with while carrying a heavy weight of rice on her head; she had fallen on a sharp stake, or snag, as she called it, and had never recovered the injury she had received. She complained also of falling of the womb. Her companion (who was not Charybdis, however, but Phœbe) was a cheery soul who complained of nothing, but begged for flannel. I asked her about her family and children; she had no children left, nothing but grandchildren; she had had nine children, and seven of them died quite young; the only two who grew up left her to join the British when they invaded Georgia in the last war, and their children, whom they left behind, were all her family now.

In the afternoon I made my first visit to the hospital of the estate, and found it, as indeed I find everything else here, in a far worse state even than the wretched establishments on the rice-island, dignified by that name; so miserable a place for the purpose to which it was dedicated I could not have imagined on a property belonging to Christian owners. The floor (which was not boarded, but merely the damp hard earth itself) was strewn with wretched women, who, but for their moans of pain, and uneasy, restless motions, might very well each have been taken for a mere heap of filthy rags; the chimney refusing passage to the smoke from the pine-wood fire, it puffed out in clouds through the room, where it circled and hung, only gradually oozing away through the windows, which were so far well adapted to the purpose that there was not a single whole pane of glass in them. My eyes, unaccustomed to the turbid atmosphere, smarted and watered, and refused to distinguish at first the different dismal forms, from which cries and wails assailed me in every corner of the place. By degrees I was able to endure for a few minutes what they were condemned to live their hours and days of suffering and sickness through; and, having given what comfort kind words and promises of help in more substantial forms could convey, I went on to what seemed a yet more wretched abode of wretchedness. This was a room where there was no fire, because there was no chimney, and where the holes made for windows had no panes or glasses in them. The shutters being closed, the place was so dark that on first entering it I was afraid to stir lest I should fall over some of the deplorable creatures extended upon the floor. As soon as they perceived me, one cry of "Oh, missis!" rang through the darkness; and it really seemed to me as if I was never to exhaust the pity, and amazement, and disgust which this receptacle of suffering humanity was to excite in me. The poor dingy supplicating sleepers upraised themselves as I cautiously advanced among them; those who could not rear their bodies from the earth held up piteous, beseeching hands, and as I passed from one to the other I felt more than one imploring clasp laid upon my dress, to solicit my attention to some new form of misery. One poor woman, called Tressa, who was unable to speak above a whisper from utter weakness and exhaustion, told me she had had nine children, was suffering from incessant flooding, and felt "as if her back would split open." There she lay, a mass of filthy tatters, without so much as a blanket under her or over her, on the bare earth in this chilly darkness. I promised them help and comfort, beds and blankets, and light and fire—that is, I promised to ask Mr. —— for all this for them; and, in the very act of doing so, I remembered with a sudden pang of anguish that I was to urge no more petitions for his slaves to their master. I groped my way out, and emerging on the piazza, all the choking tears and sobs I had controlled broke forth, and I leaned there crying over the lot of these unfortun